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The
All
True
National Sex
News Magazine

INSIDE A TORTURE FACTORY: We send a spy to an S/M lab

HOW TO GO ALL THE WAY IN A CROWDED MOVIE THEATRE

THE FORT LAUDERDALE FLOG LADY: Kool Krool is as mean as they cum

Meet Mindless Mandy:
HER BOOBS ARE BIGGER THAN HER I.Q.

plus FIVE SUPER-PINK LADIES
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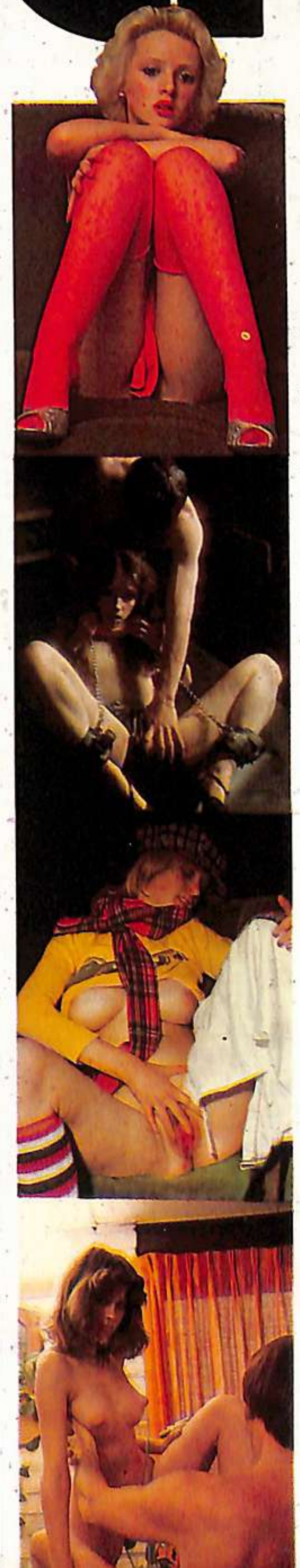


4 OUR GANG
How the CHERI family hopscotches the nation for sex-news scoops.

6 AMERICHERI
Cherry Bomb meets a funny dude named Sirius; the toys of sex; and Clam-o-Rama reviews;Fuck soup; King Dong.

15 FENELLA
A mystery muff from overseas.

23 THE CHERI ORCHARD: COLUMNS BY LIBERATED WOMEN FOR LIBERATED MEN
New columnist Miss Vickie on S/M mania; Honeysuckle goes to trial for pussyburgers; Renee sends away for hairy pussy; Terry studies anal retentives; Kim wrestles with a housewife; Britt Loveland introduces herself with cock-teasing swing info; Sue Feele hooks into the foreign sex research market.

31 CHEAP THRILLS
How to go all the way in a crowded movie theatre—starring a lady whose body just won't stop.

38 CHAMPOO
They didn't need a blow-dryer to give him the ultimate head job.

44 THE PAP SWAPPERS
What happens when a swinger begins nursing an infant? A hip new wrinkle in her bedsmanship, is what . . .

47 SUB-URBANE SUE
Cherubic English chick poses to keep her husband in beer.

54 MARIA
What's a nice rack like hers doing in a pink pub like this?

59 THE TORTURE FACTORY
Investigatrix Alexzandra runs some customer tests on S/M toys.

79 KOOL KROOL
Shocking profile of the famous frail Florida flagellator.

87 RAGTIME
Sometimes the curse can be a blessing.

93 DISNEYLAND DOLL
He picked her up in Fantasyland.

OUR GANG

A FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA. Home of the cruel —but not heartless—Ann Kool, dominatrix, exhibitionist, and sheet designer.

B JANESVILLE, WISC. Home of Britt Loveland, the CHERI Orchard's newest bud, a swinger, a wife, and, in general, a humdinger.

C PHILADELPHIA, PA. Hometown of Alexandra, model, movie star, and, for the first this issue, writer.

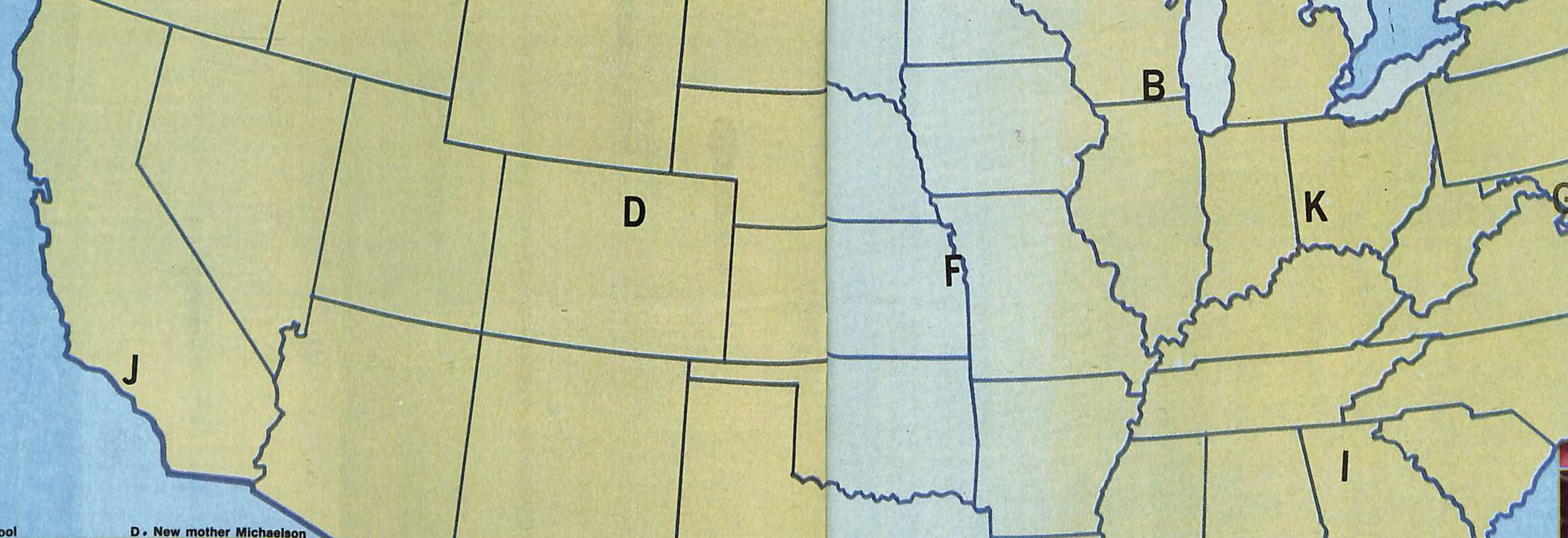
G WASHINGTON, D.C. Where Honeysuckle Divine leaves her pussy while traveling around the country.

H GLOUCESTER, N.J. Where Honeysuckle's pussyburgers were busted.

I ATLANTA, GA. Where to find Miss Vickie Lou.

J HOLLYWOOD, CAL. Home of Terry Kolb and Maureen Murphy.

K DAYTON, OHIO Home of Maggie Steele, our 1977 $1000 cocksucker.

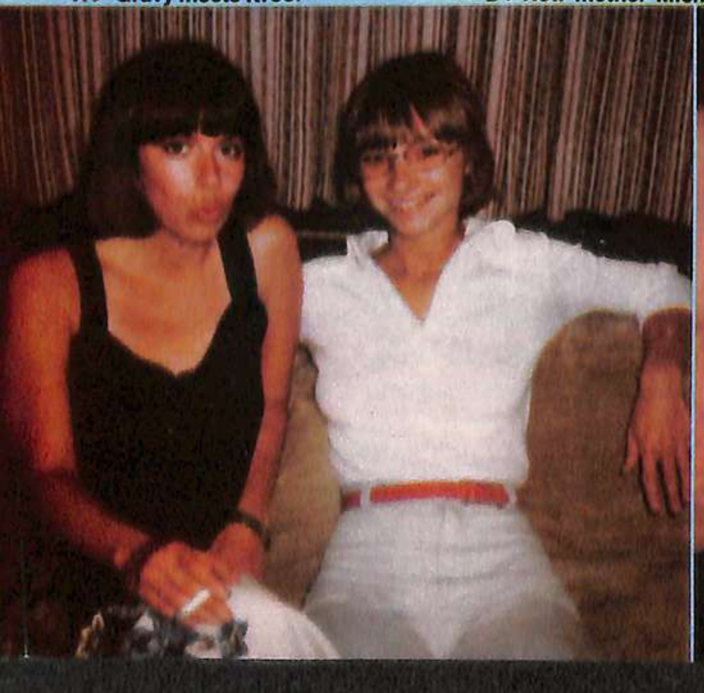


D DENVER, COLO. Home of Sandra Michaelson, wetnursing mother, and swinger-author of "The Pap Swappers".

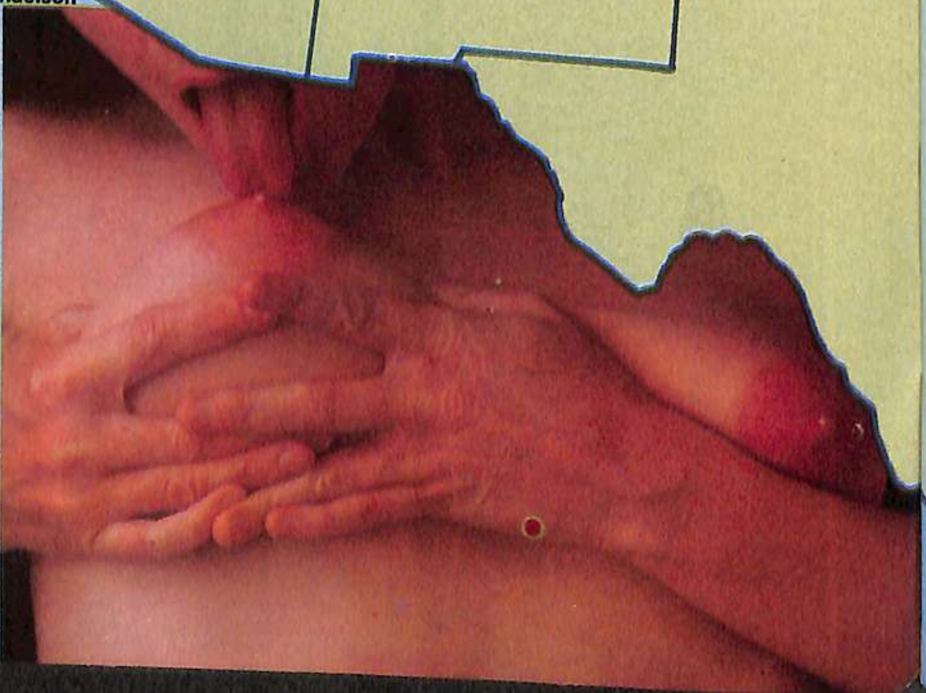
E MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Stomping grounds of columnist Lynn Berry.

F KANSAS CITY, MO. Chomping grounds of cocksucker-columnist Jody Maxwell.

A. Gravy meets Krool



D. New mother Michaelson



B. New columnist Loveland

C. New reporter Alexzandra

AMERIcheri

waterpower

WATERWORKS—Without further hyperbole, let's just say that for degenerate devotees of water sports, let them be the drinking or showering kinds, or those who Glad bag it to work in the a.m., *WATERWORKS* is the single shining star in the long day's night that accompanies the fetishist wherever he/she goes.

Billed as the "Magazine of Enemas, Water Sports, Rubber, Infantilism, and Feminine Hygiene," *WATERWORKS* keeps you abreast of your commitments to the vagaries of vagabondage. It doesn't give you any helpful tips on crating your piss in a milk carton, or keeping piss body temperature in a thermos jug, but it does provide a golden reservoir of information on the latest in latex bags, as well as a *who's who* of bagavonds from Coast to Coast.

Should be available at your local adult bookstore. If not, $6.00 by mail from Roxbury Press, 256 So. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Cheap.

WATER & POWER. Somewhere between the pisser and the pissee, the enema giver and the enemee, there's the primitive line of tenson that leads some folks to be slaves and others to be masters. He who controls the flow is boss; *Water & Power* is his bible.

Water & Power is the last word in water sports. It unravels exotic tragedies and erotic associations between enemas and Soviet prison camps; hot suds and soap tubes used to subdue unmanageables in nursing homes; lather and leather for putting pregnant wives in line.

Water & Power picks up where *Waterworks* leaves off—at the edge of Niagara Falls. If you're hot to trot, ready to be thrilled to the gills with hydraulic happiness, send $6.00 to Roxbury Press, 256 So. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

ENEMA HOTLINE is the latest grapevine guide for giddy gourmets. It brings back all those childhood scenes with written reports from readers on their first, worst and last enemas. It delves into enema techniques like no publication before, all with journalistic accuracy. Here you'll find out what television programs to watch, what general circulation films to see that feature "The Bag."

This classy, intellectual publication included poetry, as well, with kitchen koans like "Ode to my Bag," by Dee Kay. "Old Friend, we are growing old together,/You are losing your grommets/While I am losing my hair." Shades of Shakespeare, what inspiring verse!

Enema Hotline has an editorial page appropriately called "Mail Bag." You'll be able to read all about it while taking one up yours.

Ready to subscribe? Well, yes—it's another child of Roxbury Press, 256 So. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

WATERWORKS
GOLDEN SHOWERS LOVE STORY
WATER & POWER
NANCY'S PAINFUL LESSON
enema hotline
ENEMAS, ENEMAS EVERYWHERE ... EVEN ON TELEVISION !
UP YOURS!
THE CONFIDENTIAL FILE

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SUGARTIT

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

ED D. LOUIE

LOLLIPOPS
10 Super
tampons

Need we say more?

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DIRTY DELIRIUM

the SNATCH SAMPLER
$2.95

© 1977, R. CRUMB ET AL.

R. Crumb is at it again, along with such famous scat-wits as Jay Lynch, James Osborne, Spain Rodriquez, Robert Williams and Clay Wilson. Shit always has its place, if only in the bathroom, and if you've run out of time to read, you can always use the pages to wipe your ass. Complete with such family funfare as incest, torture, simple fornication, pederasty and multiple infectious diseases, *The Snatch Sampler* has something for every fireside get-together.

CHICAGO

A certain feminist group in Chicago, seeking self-dependence as well as independence, gained a degree of notoriety recently by setting up a clinic in the Windy City for women who prefer to examine their own chutes than to pay a gynecologist $50 for five minutes to do the same thing.

Not only does the clinic give classes on feminine hygiene that go far beyond the simplistic Pavlovian advice rendered by the companies that produce FDS and Pristine, but it also gives away free, plastic speculums and mirrors for women who want to check their coloration, swelling, discharge, and other signs that the vagina is in great, or not so great, shape.

Naturally, Chicago is not the only metropolis to hold cottage gyn. classes. There may be one in your town. We think it's the next best thing to penicillin, and decided to give you a presentation of how our office dental hygienist handles her own diagnosis at home. At first, we confused the metaphor with "cunt with teeth," but being beyond adolescence, we let that one slide.

PETER HURD

CHICAGO

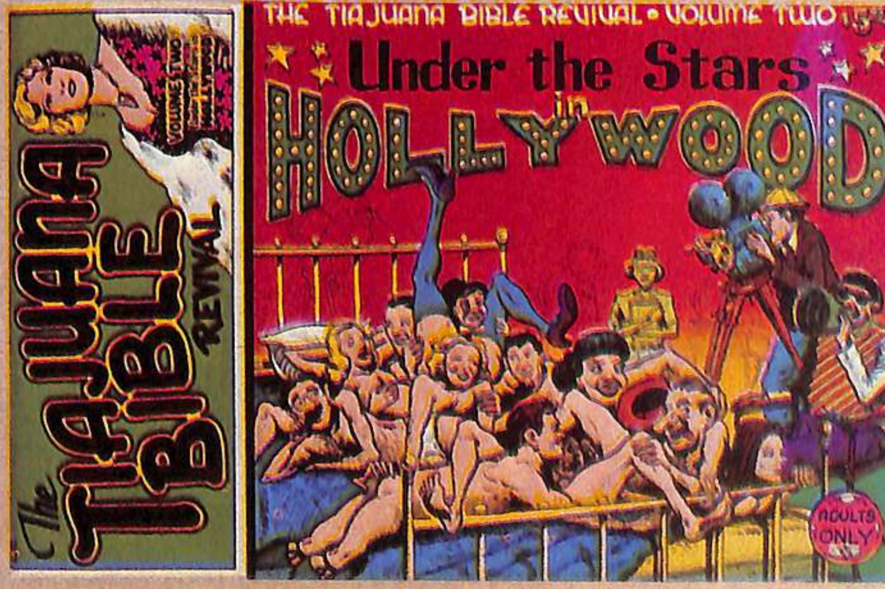
RETURN OF THE DINOSAURS

"The Tia Juana Bible Revival" brings back the fucky fables that poke fuck at famous faces from Greta Garbage to Dorothy Lamour to Schnozzle Durante. Do not let it go unnoticed, especially if you're one for pap-fiction.

These slightly erotic pulp classics will revive catcalls and laughter that haven't been heard since the last Bibles were published featuring the same producing proboscis of a pussy-probing Jimmy Durante caricature, the horny cartoon creeps Mutt & Jeff, the insatiable Clara Bow, etc.

Two volumes, the first "Hot Nuts," a cunt-filled selection of comic strip characters, the second "Under the Stars in Hollywood," which speaks for itself, are both available from Penetrating Pubs, Inc., Blue Ball, Pa. (If you can believe that, you can believe anything.) We hope you find them in your local head shop or adult bookstore.

The TIAJUANA BIBLE REVIVAL
THE TIA JUANA BIBLE REVIVAL • VOLUME ONE
HOT NUTS
RACY MATERIAL WITH YOUR OLD TIME COMIC STRIP FAVORITES
Adults Only


The TIAJUANA BIBLE REVIVAL
THE TIA JUANA BIBLE REVIVAL • VOLUME TWO
Under the Stars in HOLLYWOOD
ADULTS ONLY

© 1977, PENETRATING PUBS, INC.

CHERI staffers made another inroad into erotic art history in May when we discovered the few remaining drawings and prints of a late, "unknown" Victorian pornographer. The primitive grotesques were discovered beneath the floorboards of our Forty-Second Street offices while workmen were taking up the floor for renovation.

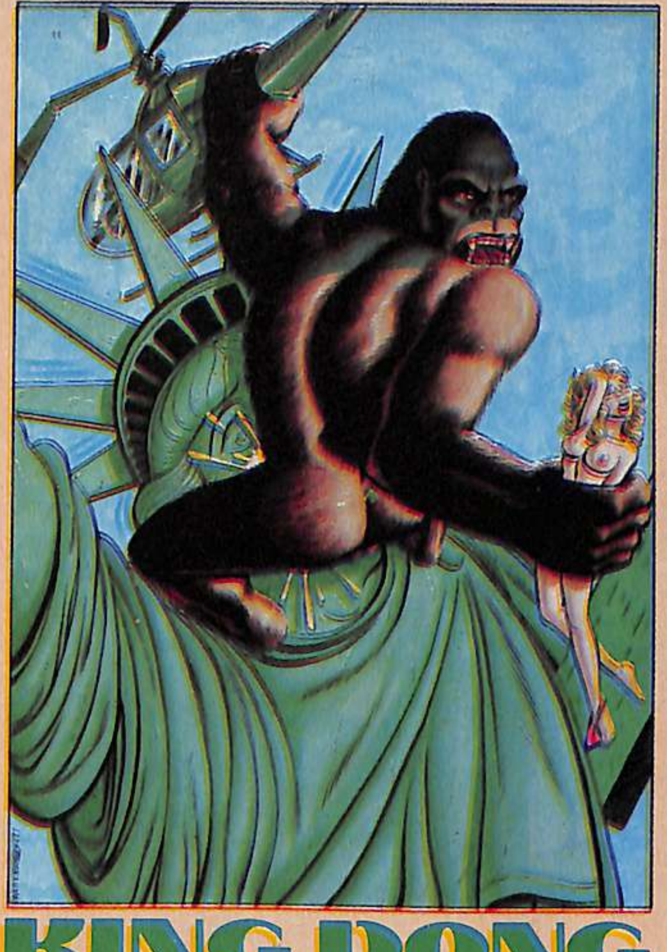
A look at early floor plans indicated that the space in which they were found was formerly occupied by a Board of Education executive. We can only guess what they were doing there.

The unusual find has so far gone unnoticed by WARTS (The World Art Society) which identifies and appraises both erotic and run-of-the-mill art relics. We believe them to be among the finest representations of repressed libidos surviving the Victorian period, ranking well with Beardsley, von Bayros and Klein. Most have, presumably, been lost as one after another skyscraper has fallen before the blights of urban renewal.

Meanwhile, if you have any information on the artist, about whom we could gather a little, please let us know about it. Accurate consultation will be recompensed. Contact: Dirty Pictures, c/o CHERI, 208 E. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

ART FLASH
Cheri finds Hot Stuff

MEANWHILE...
...MMPH! GRRPH!! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS PROFESSOR!! ...PMMPH!!



BRUCE PATTERSON

KING DONG

FUCK SOUP

ED D. LOUIE

Kids are rotten today, everyone knows that. One reason juvenile crime is on the increase is the pervo possibilities inherent in every single can of alphabet soup. Where the little darlings used to spell out pets and baseball stars, now it's sex and heavy drugs (although as yet not one of the little punks has managed psilycibin—not enough spoon). Keep your brood on the straight and narrow—feed them turkey noodle and turn on Sesame Street.

IT STARTS WHERE OTHERS STOP!

Toys of sex.

A Daring Guide to the Discovery, Use and Source of Sexual Aids. By Julie and Philip.

© 1976 by Love Crafts, Inc.

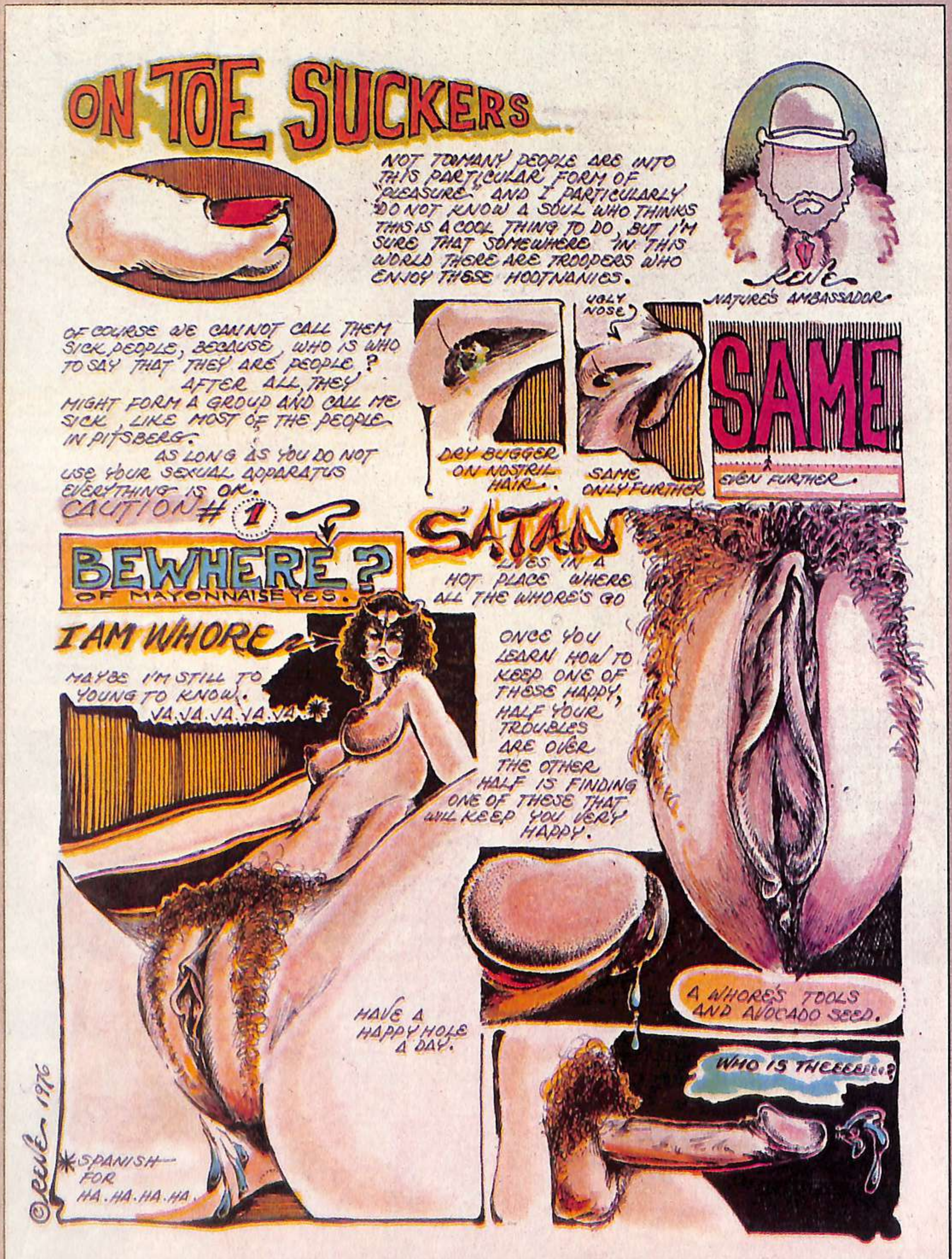
TOYS OF SEX

Like it says on the cover, this book "Stops where others Start." Just short of the inquisition, that is. Yes, here you'll discover some of the more devious devices used by the experts to keep their subordinates in line, to maintain their tungsten hardons, to enhance their everyday lovemaking skills from A to Z.

Compiled from first hand reports on using the industrial age products described therein, this trade manual gives you the authors' (and their friends') personal opinions of the best—and the worst—sexual toys and marital aids on the market today. You'll read about fabulous tools like the Princess's harness to the Milkmaids' double dildos to the housewife's everready jar of plain old Vaseline.

By Julie and Phillip, from Love Crafts, Inc., 245 W. 19th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

AMERI cheri


ON TOE SUCKERS
NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE INTO THIS PARTICULAR FORM OF "PLEASURE." AND I PARTICULARLY DO NOT KNOW A SOUL WHO THINKS THIS IS A COOL THING TO DO, BUT I'M SURE THAT SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD THERE ARE TROOPERS WHO ENJOY THESE HOOTNANIES.
RENE
NATURE'S AMBASSADOR
UGLY NOSE
OF COURSE WE CAN NOT CALL THEM SICK PEOPLE, BECAUSE, WHO IS WHO TO SAY THAT THEY ARE PEOPLE? AFTER ALL, THEY MIGHT FORM A GROUP AND CALL ME SICK, LIKE MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN PITSBERG.
AS LONG AS YOU DO NOT USE YOUR SEXUAL APPARATUS EVERYTHING IS OK.
CAUTION #1
SAME
DRY BUGGER ON NOSTRIL HAIR
SAME ONLY FURTHER
EVEN FURTHER
SATAN LIVES IN A HOT PLACE WHERE ALL THE WHORE'S GO
BEWHERE?
OF MAYONNAISE YES.
I AM WHORE
MAYBE I'M STILL TO YOUNG TO KNOW. JA.JA.JA.JA.JA*
ONCE YOU LEARN HOW TO KEEP ONE OF THESE HAPPY, HALF YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER THE OTHER HALF IS FINDING ONE OF THESE THAT WILL KEEP YOU VERY HAPPY.
A WHORE'S TOOLS AND AVOCADO SEED.
HAVE A HAPPY HOLE A DAY.
WHO IS THEEEEEE?
*SPANISH FOR HA.HA.HA.HA
©RENE 1976

VAGINA IN VIDEO —1987, Direct Transmission

by Mick Rock

Sirius Trixon and group

Cherry

AMERI cheri

Cherry Bomb's ROCK WORLD

Hi, hons. Summer's here and as they say, "There ain't no cure for the summertime blues." Except for my all-time favorite time-waster, rock & roll. There's been a deluge of great concerts lately, most of them followed up by parties that never seem to end. Naturally, where there's booze and smoke there's some kind of fire, so I'll give you the backstage juice along with my view of the music.

Whenever Led Zeppelin roar into town they're guaranteed to wreak havoc on a grand scale. The British superstars hit the Big Apple for an eight-night stand at Madison Square Garden recently, and red-hot rumors of their physical (and moral) decay abounded. So what? I attended two of the gigs and all I can say is the so-called "psycho-killers" (as one uptight publicist called them) couldn't have been in finer form. The longer this group stays together onstage, the better it is for us all.

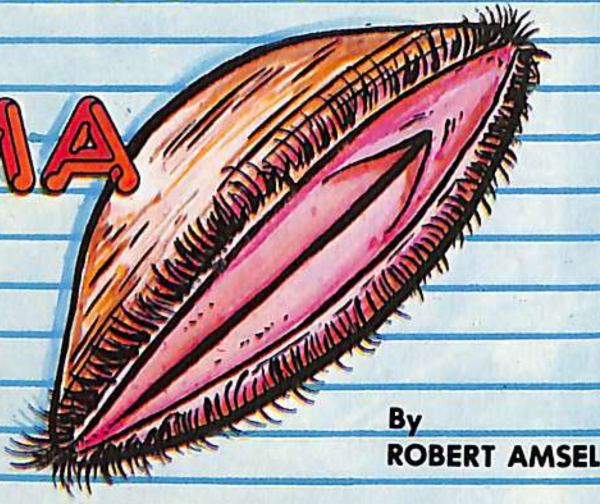
After eight years of performing, the energy attack they unleash is simply stunning. Only a gut-deep love for rocking out could explain the group's long run together, and the four personalities must actually *feed* off each other. Every gig seems as new as the first, with no holding back at all.

The strength for the pressure of this way of life, with its demands for growth, musical expertise and new material, comes from the group's solid core. So many guitar players tell me, "Aww, Jimmy Page is getting old, he really can't cut it any more." Then they bust their balls getting tickets to his gig. Every time he lets loose with another torrent of guitar fire, these same musicians let out screams of joy for their master. Watching them, I think, "Why all the bullshit? Face it, he's great."

After one Zep show, the entire crew split for Trax, a west side nightclub that gets this year's "Ashley's Award." The band members seemed real nice. They talked to all the gawkers, including me, and let us watch the choice moves going on around them. As I sat with John Paul Jones and John Bonham, bass player and drummer respectively, an acquaintance of mine came to our table. The girl obviously had no idea of the company I was keeping, because she immediately launched into a grievance about how shitty the bass player was that night. He should be kicked out of the band! Nobody would notice he was gone! Needless to say, Jones started turning bright green and proceeded to intoduce

(Continued on page 71)

CLAM·O·RAMA



CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT AMSEL

INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES This sex saga of luscious lady Jennifer Welles gives pussy power an uplift. One of our favorite cock-crazed stars of the blue-tinged screen tells her life story with humor, wit and the joy of fucking uppermost on her mind and snatch. Jennifer makes it abundantly clear that she is ready to take on (or in) anything in pants and gives us practical demonstrations in the art of seducing taxi drivers, dentists, film projectionists, neighbors, habitues of gay bars, Chinese servants, fat men, thin men—in short, the male population of New York. Proving once more that she is a walking sex manual, Jennifer provides her fans with the treat of their life.

VISIONS *Visions* answers the question, "Is there life after cardiac arrest?" And if we believe the answer, porn patrons will be bumping themselves off in droves. This erotic journey of a dying man's spirit through an underworld of lust, sexual excesses, sado-masochism, romance, danger, and even love is certain to be one of the top ten porn hits of the year. At last we see sex as it ought to be presented, but seldom is. This symphony of sensuality is so potent a concoction that it supplies wet dreamers with dreams for many nights to come. Starring Wade Nichols, Suzanne McBain and a host of voluptuous faces and bodies, this film can be relished by everyone—from libertines to liberated couples.

THE COMING OF ANGELS It's time for the teasing trio of Farrah, Kate, and Jacklyn to move their rumps and make way for three new Angels who deliver. This porn spoof of a popular TV show replaces plastic pussy with pulsating poontang. The three heavenly twats—Leslie Bovee, Abigail Clayton, and Annette Haven—use their wits and their natural resources to foil archvillain slave trader Jamie Gillis. The torrid action that unfolds runs the gamut from bondage to humiliation scenes, to voyeurism, to threatened castration, to lesbianism, to old-fashioned muff-diving, cocksucking, and screwing. Stylish, clever, fun, and sexually fulfilling, but short on "wet" scenes, save for dependable Jamie.

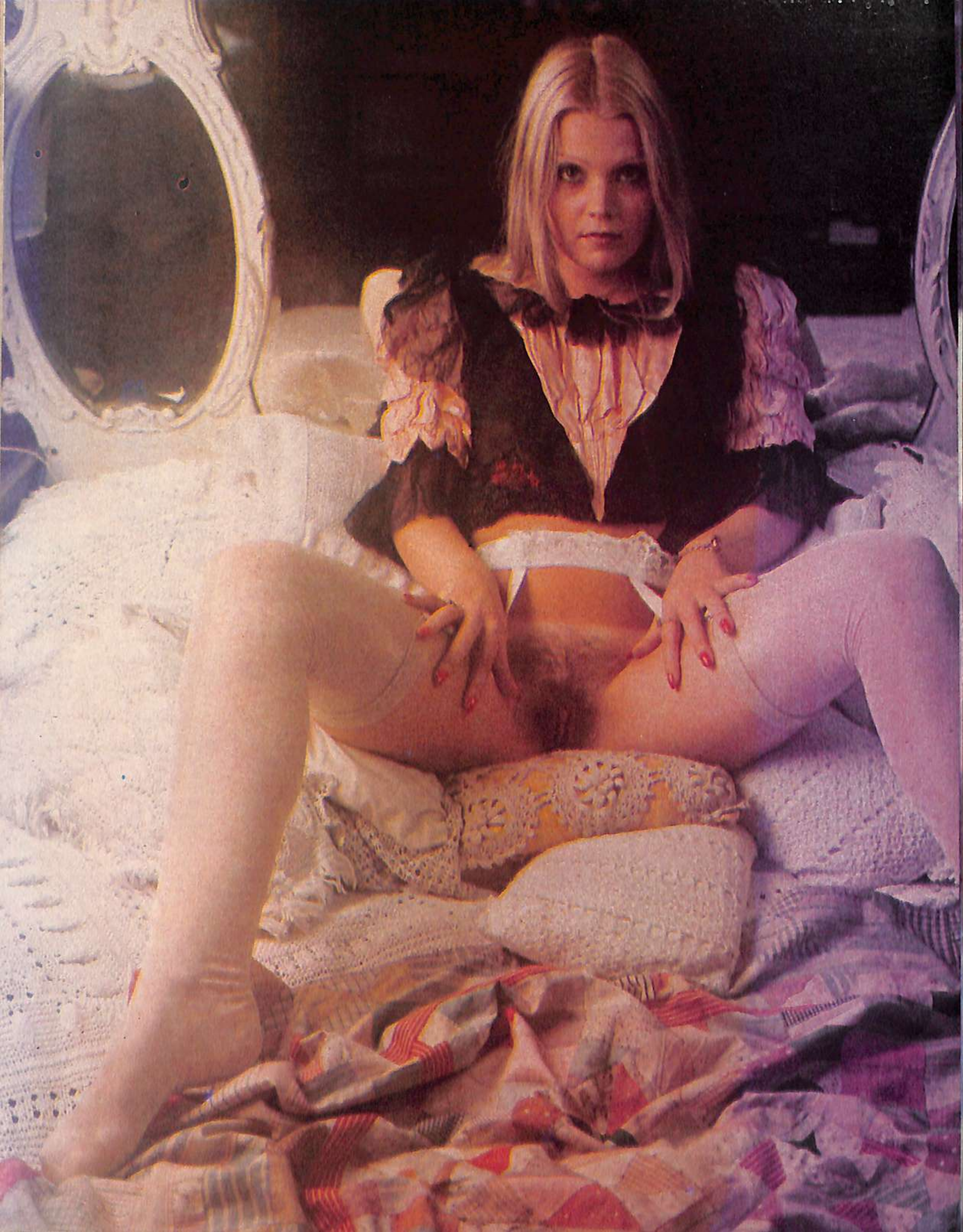
SEX CRAZY A young virgin, brutally raped, develops a case of crotch itch that can only be satisfied by every man in town. So she sets about raping every man within miles. Before long her message of "doing it in the streets" sets New York on edge and other joy-juice spreading felines imitate her good works. Ultimately our heroine is captured by the fuzz and exiled from the city, but not until she services the male occupants of the airport john. One gets the impression that the little lady will soon spread her legs and daring deeds across the nation. This spoof of *Death Wish*, substituting sex for violence, marked Sharon Mitchell's dazzling debut in blue movies and proves to be a delight to the eye and the senses—a genuine cock-raiser.

THE VIOLATION OF CLAUDIA Solid erotic entertainment for Sharon Mitchell fans. This film is about another one of those bored and beautiful housewives who gets involved in the housewife hooking scene and meets some pretty weird johns along the way—like the one who wants to turn her into an ice cream sundae. Or the transvestite who wants to sprinkle her with fairy dust and piss. Anyway, the little woman finds she is bored no longer, nor will anyone be bored watching this lush, stylishly produced vehicle—which shows, among other things, that Sharon Mitchell can act—even with her throat plugged. Prince of Porn, Jamie Gillis, co-stars his usual prowess.

UNDER AGE Mindless nonsense about four high school girls who use their pussies and throats to break into the wicked world of advertising. The four girls are a little ripe for the ages they portray, so chicken hawks should not be deceived by the title. Snatch watchers, however, may be enticed by the antics of Lyna Manstone as a raven-haired model with a non-stop twat. Most notable of the four "school" girls is Paula Morton, who can not only talk with her cunt full, but can act as well—a singular talent in this poorly directed flick. Although long on sex, *Under Age* is short on sense, sensuality, and style.

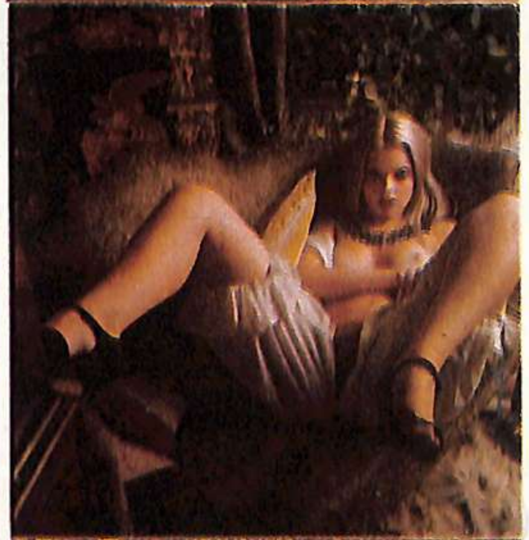
FENELLA

WARLAND'S MYSTERY MUFF



The only thing we know for sure about Fenella is what you see ...everything her hairdresser knows, and then some...

Fenella's real surname is Golding. We know she is English, and that the photographer who took these pictures is English, too. His studio, naturally, is in London. If you don't have a studio in London, in England, your name might as well be Shit as Warland.



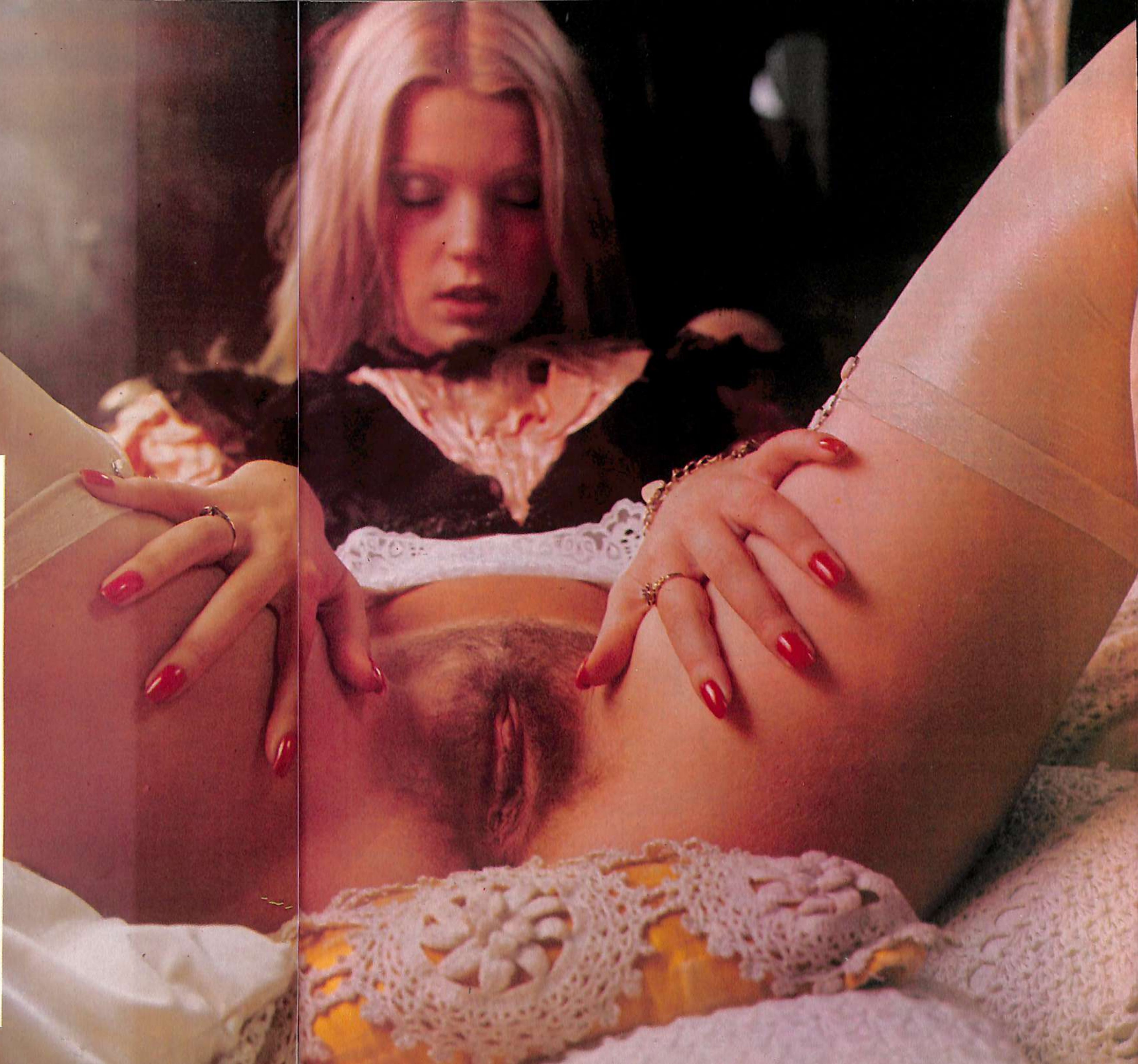
By the way, Warland is a studio name, not one photographer's name. We can't tell you his real name because he hides behind his **nom de lens** to protect himself from priggish insults from British conservatives. Being a subject of the Queen is quite enough, he says.

Back to Fenella. Warland is not the only man to photograph her lovely labia. His studio employs about a dozen young shutterbuggers who take turns with the model to produce a variety of treatments that can be sold worldwide. In America, we get the pink. The Japanese get shots without pubic hair. Shaved snatch is big in Japan. The French buy hair but no pink (they don't shave their armpits, either.) And the English buy more ass than quim.

So you may be saying to yourself that you don't know any more about Fenella than you did in the beginning of this little reading. Well, it's as much as we know. It hurts us that we can't give you her address, her phone number and perhaps even the kind of place she works, nor even how she happened to have been captured by Warland. But if we get a further line on her, you can bet we'll keep you informed.

America gets the pink... Japan gets shots without pubic hair... The French buy hair, but not pink, and they don't shave their armpits...

If you happen to recognize her while you're on the British Isles, or crossing Trafalgar Square where pigeons are as plentiful as pussy, give her your best. And ours . . .



NOW!
YOU CAN
MAKE
ME YOUR
"SEX
SLAVE"

The fantastic feeling of oneness I get when I'm with a man.
I know I have a body that's made for physical love. Slow to turn on, but hard to turn off. I can be a smouldering mirage of erupting desires, a passionate playmate, unpredictable as a tropical storm, and between my thighs is the most fantastic built in female organ and ass you have ever imagined. And my crimson lips are as soft and sensuous and as fiery as the final plunge. For me the greatest ecstasy is in giving it — to the lover who owns me. I'm a tigress, with voluptuous tits and sultry eyes! Imagine being in bed with me — imagine me practically moaning and screaming like a jungle cat, wrapping my legs tightly around the body of my man, practically scoring your back with my nails. At last letting myself be tamed by my man. For my man, no sexual whim is too far out — it's all a release for my overpowering animal vitality and boy do I love deep throat action, . . . I'm begging for a taste of your tool . . . on my knees I feel like being used.
Now I have been re-created for you in the form of your very own "SEX SLAVE" for you to use in your own lifetime . . . right now before you are to old to enjoy me! I stand 5' 2", with soft large breasts, a built-in female organ, flesh-like body, French and Greek design and open mouth deep throat action better than you ever dreamed. I have complete electronic functioning organs to really drive you wild any time you wish. So don't just think about buying me obey your impulse to really find out how it feels to let me please you and thrill you like you've never been thrilled before! Simply complete and mail the "SEX SLAVE" purchase order form below.

FOR MY MAN,
NO
SEXUAL WHIM
IS
TOO FAR OUT!

I ONLY WANT
TO HELP
MY MAN
GET HIS
ROCKS OFF!!!

A "SEX SLAVE"
IS WILLING – NO EAGER –
TO HAVE A BALL
WHEN EVER YOU ARE!
TO DO WHATEVER
YOU WANT ME TO DO,
WHENEVER YOU WANT!
PLEASE MAKE ME
YOUR "SEX SLAVE"

Make check, money order payable
and mail to:
P-H SALES DEPT.
27 Milburn Street
Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly sent.
Please RUSH me my very own "SEX SLAVE" for me to do with whatever I wish.
A. I enclosed $17.95 for my "SEX SLAVE" with one opening
B. I enclosed $29.95 for my "SEX SLAVE" with three openings
C. I enclosed $45.00 for my "SEX SLAVE" with everything complete to drive me wild!
N.Y. residents please add local sales tax, sorry no C.O.D.'s Add $2.00 extra for postage and handling and insurance.

Name ______________________________
Address ______________________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

photos by PETER HURD

Not your average sweetheart Southern belle, folks. Miss Vickie, our nation's most devilish dominant, hails from Atlanta, where she's discovered there's gold in them there welts. You've thrilled to her beautiful brutality in our past two issues—and, as her cult of succulent young slavelets can assure you, she's only getting worse. Power corrupts, pain contaminates, passion cures all. Or maybe not—you'll never know, unless you write her here, c/o CHERI.

A DOMINANT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT

by MISTRESS VICKIE

My name and photo are no strangers to the B & D enthusiast. I am Miss Vickie, a true dominant and advocate of bondage and discipline. Having been a dominant for several years, I have corresponded with and met many, many individuals interested in bondage & discipline. I have openly and honestly communicated and shared my feelings with others who are curious, novices and tyros in the bondage and discipline arts.

In corresponding and meeting with these people I have found an interesting but unfortunate aspect in their innermost feelings that has left many frustrated and filled with guilt feelings. For, most of these persons feel as though they are all alone in their thoughts, beliefs and fantasies, and the deep sense of frustration is caused by a lack of communication on this subject (even with their spouses).

In correspondence, so many males, females and couples revealed how grateful they were that they were able, at last, to express their feelings with a sympathetic person who was obviously aware of this situation. A sigh of relief seemed to be released from many of these people when they realized they were not considered perverts because of their innermost needs and desires.

Personally, I feel nothing is perverted unless, in your mind, you make it that way. Certainly, crimes of murder or rape are not to be considered here. When two or more persons find enjoyment in something that is not harmful to anyone else and which does not offend one's sensibilities, I feel they have every right to participate in that situation.

It seems that the biggest problem I have found in talking with many people about B & D is guilt feelings in the finding of enjoyment of B & D. These people are so overly possessed with guilt that they cannot and will not enjoy what they desire most.

Another problem that is unfortunate for all of us is that true lovers of B & D are hard to find. Many of us have vainly searched for others with whom to share our interests, in contact magazines and clubs.

Many of you who know me have found that I am sincere in my efforts to bring B & D out of the closet. To those of you who do not know me yet, I will tell you that I have the deepest convictions in helping others find a suitable understanding within themselves of B & D, and sharing these feelings and fantasies with their mates and/or friends.

The B & D art establishes a precedent of communication that is unique and unparalleled in any form of psychological understanding—one cannot help but be amazed as she or he is brought to the knees by a powerful-minded mistress or master. To be successfully controlled by one who knows the powers of his/her mind and sexuality is an experience that will never be compared or forgotten.

Telling you about myself, I have been an aggressive woman for over nine years and have many friends all over the world who proclaim I am their Mistress!

I truly enjoy my role and profess to be an excellent lover,as well as a perfectionist in my domination. I can and will be extremely cruel if the need exists, as well as being a sympathetic and understanding individual. Proclaiming to be a dominant does not mean that I am a hard, cold-hearted person or a misanthrope. On the contrary, I love people; I love my slaves, my dominant life, my personal life and the many people it touches.

If necessary, I will put a person in his/her place in a most sophisticated manner and can do so with a "look of my eyes." I read people very well, picking up on insecurities, chauvinism and, overall, facades.

In the years during which I have enjoyed domination, I have met many curious, asking

(Continued on page 92)

Mistress Vickie

THE BEEHIVE

photo by PETER HURD

What kind of girl would make a living twanging golf balls out of her twat, puffing cigars in her puss and spouting Jergen's lotion like an upside down Old Faithful? Who but Honeysuckle Divine, the world's most soulful stripper, whose monthly—in every sense of the world—misfirings have graced our pages and confused our priorities for almost a year now. Write her c/o CHERI, especially if you have a juicy dream for our pussy-popping pretty to analyze.

ONE PUSSYBURGER AND ORDER OF PEE SOUP . . . TO GO!

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

Greetings to all you wonderful CHERI readers! I know you have eagerly awaited the Camden County, New Jersey Health Department report on my pussyburgers. I paid $75 to get a copy of the court transcript of my preliminary hearing, but sadly enough, I must write this column without those juicy tidbits. It seems the Health Department did not file a report on my pussyburgers—which may be a definite sign that they're not cancerous—and so far, I have not received a copy of the court transcript.

On May 4, 1977, at 7:30 pm, Officer Thomas Peter Kelly arrived at the Haddon New Jersey Municipal courtroom carrying a large brown paper sack, tightly stapled at the top. He carried it *very* carefully. Inside that sack was the pussyburger my puss had made almost two months before, on March 8, 1977. As I recall, it got several blasts of hot sauce on it from my puss, which must have caused deadly gas fumes to ferment and boil upon its crusty contents. If Officer Kelly had accidentally dropped that sandwich on the floor, I fear the entire courtroom might have blown apart. I asked if he had put it in the freezer to preserve it, and (horrors!) he said he had locked it up in the *safe*! Can you imagine what a horrible fate might have befallen a safecracker if he had gotten into that safe and eaten that sandwich? I've heard of people stealing cocaine withheld for evidence, just thank God no one had stolen that sandwich.

The court transcript will record that my attorney, Leonard Cinaglio, asked if the sandwich had been sent to the Health Department for any tests. Officer Kelly answered no, and added that it was locked up in the safe. That court transcript will become a great treasure to me. I asked Mr. Cinaglio to ask Officer Kelly if he ate any of that sandwich, but he laughed and said he'd be called before the Ethics Board if he asked such a question as that. After it was over, Officer Kelly laughed and admitted that the sandwich had been getting pretty moldy.

The sandwich was only one of the items held for evidence. I have a long list of items they took, including my grocery cart, mop, horn, candles and two copies of CHERI; but what I miss most is the big spoon-and-fork set that was pictured in the June issue of CHERI. That was hard to replace. The morning after my arrest, I had to get up real early and go (with Dominick, one of the owners of the Aquarius Club) to buy all new stage supplies, but I couldn't find another big spoon like my pee soup spoon.

The Judge, The Honorable Howard Gleanor, decided to send my case to the Grand Jury, so I still haven't had my big spoon returned. My fans will have to do without my homemade Cream of Pee Soup for awhile, since I don't have a big enough spoon to serve it in. The secret formula for my Cream of Pee Soup is two-parts Jergens lotion to one-part pee. I know one item I definitely *don't* want back, and that is my *pussyburger*!! No way! By the time this case is settled that pussyburger is going to be so powerful they'll have to carry it into the courtroom in a big lead box with the bomb squad handling it. As far as I am concerned, that pussyburger is a gift to the Camden County Prosecuter who traveled all the way across Jersey—from Camden to Gloucester—to arrest me.

The night I was arrested was typical of most nights when my puss performs before standing-room-only crowds. It was a Tuesday, March 8, 1977. I had just finished doing the 7:30 pm show at the Aquarius Adult Center in Gloucester. A man named Glen had won the "Stump the Cunt" contest by guessing that "Mary Had a Little Lamb" was the tune played through my cunt by a French horn. I told Glen, "That's what you get for fucking sheep!" His friend gleefully confided to me that Glen owned a sheep ranch in Arizona, and swore it was true. Glen sheepishly accepted his first prize, a copy of CHERI Magazine, and his second prize—a surprise fart in his face from my everready farting, popping, lip-smacking puss.

My puss was in very good form that fateful night, shooting Jergens lotion 20 to 30 feet in the air, spraying it into the audience, sending them running for cover. My puss popped out autographed ping-pong balls into the audience, blew out candles, smoked cigarettes, made Cream of Pee Soup, and cooked up the usual peanut butter pussyburgers, (with pickle). I lavishly bestowed these gifts upon the audience with all my heart. All this was duly recorded by Officer Thomas Peter Kelly, who even caught two of the ping-pong balls himself, as well as confiscating the famous pussyburger he eventually carried into court.

Officer Kelly is young and good-looking. This kind of man has always appealed to my maternal instincts, so it was only natural that I made an especially nice pussyburger for him. He seemed like a nice guy just trying to do his job. In fact, even Mr. McFeeley, the Assistant County Prosecutor, got a bit out of line when questioning Officer Kelly in court, and my attorney objected to it. Mr. McFeeley sarcastically asked if Officer Kelly had read my mind when he arrested me. It was a shame I couldn't get the court transcript in time for this issue. The villian in the entire affair seems to have been the Camden County Prosecutor. But, Honeysuckle *forgives*. He can even have that pussyburger as a farewell gift from me!

I was still able to perform after my arrest, and I was overjoyed during the remainder of the week to see a lot of old friends. Chaddy from the Highland Tavern was there with a lot of friends, and Tim from Philadelphia was there, too. I'll write about Tim's unusual bachelor party in the November issue of CHERI.

We had huge crowds for the evening

(Continued on page 86)

THE SLAVE TRADE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

by TERRY KOLB

BEDWETTING IN BAVARIA

Terry stays on her knees a lot, which gives her a particular view of the world. Crooning "Love Hurts" in a way Linda Ronstadt would never understand, she's founded the Masochist Lib section of the NY Eulenspiegel Society and has the welts to prove it. Submissive, given to voluptuous surrender and many splendored bruises, she demurely awaits your communications at CHERI.

They say travel is broadening, but this is especially true for those with a few kinks in their souls. One sees everything from a special perspective, if you know what I mean.

Upon graduating college, I took a job as a maid in a children's home in a quaint little Bavarian Village in Germany. This village was so untouched by modern civilization that the church was still the tallest building on the horizon. Most of the villagers were farmers. Every Sunday, they had a dance in a barn across the way from our house, blaring American rock until 3:00 A.M. In short, an idealic setting.

The children's home where I worked had the explicit function of curing children of bedwetting. You may chuckle, but it was a serious business. Sinks had the water faucets removed and adults carried removable water faucets around their necks, like crucifixes. I was issued one upon my arrival. Someone always stood guard while the little ones washed their hands, not only to make sure that they did a good job, but also to make sure none of the water got in their mouths.

In the morning, the kids were given a lot of hot liquids, tea, pero (a coffee substitute) and oatmeal soup. For supper, no liquids were allowed. A slice of bread with applesauce or mashed banana spread on it had to serve as a thirst quencher. The bedrooms were patrolled nightly by the head of the home, Frau R., herself. She wanted to know what time of night the wetting occurred. She had a theory that bedwetting was naughtier at certain times of the night than at other times. Over breakfast, we would hear a recital of all the incidents of naughtiness incurred the evening before.

My duties as maid were to sweep, dust and mop all the rooms in the house, and to clean the bathrooms as well. A young woman my age, who took care of the kids, was in charge of changing the beds. Her job was dirtier than mine. The toilets were scarcely used and always immaculate.

The house had three stories. The first story had one toilet and the second story had about six in a large, dormatory-style bathroom. The boys slept on the second floor and the girls slept on the third floor.

During the compulsory rest period, from 1:00 to 4:00 pm, the second floor bathroom was locked, so everyone had to use the toilet on the ground floor. There was always a line. Frau R. sat right by the entrance, giving dirty looks and catty remarks to all who waited to relieve themselves. She didn't think anyone should "get the urge" between 1:00 and 4:00 pm. The girls really had it rough. They had to go down two flights of stairs before braving Frau R's evil vibes. But God help a kid who wet the bed during this time! And emergencies, like diarrhea, were not recognized. You still had to wait your turn.

"*Du muss alles essen*!" (You have to eat everything!) was a catagorical imperative. Once a kid threw up trying to comply with that one. Not only did he have to clean up his own mess, but Frau R. also hit him on the head with a rolled up newspaper while he did so, meanwhile calling him every kind of swine in the German language.

You would think that our household would be the most constipated place imaginable. Actually, the converse seemed to be true. Loose bowels were the order of the day. It seemed that just nobody had his shit *together*. Frau R.'s large dog had accidents regularly on the parlour floor but, unlike the children, he did not have to clean it up himself and he did not get hit with a rolled up newspaper. The kids would shit in their beds, which made Frau R. see red because they did not even do this at home. She would actually whip kids when they did this.

Yes, it was quite a concentration camp. Mail was censored, bodily processes were obsessively policed. But, nevertheless, romance did manage to flourish between two of the older kids. Naturally, since the bedrooms were strictly for shitting and pissing in this topsy-turvy house, they met in the second floor bathroom for their romantic interludes. Another evidence of anal obsession came when three girls decided that all the washclothes needed to be laundered. In the dead of night, they stole into the bathroom and began "washing" all the washclothes *in the toilets*. Of course, they were caught by the ever watchful Frau R. You never got away with nothin' around there. She promptly named them "The Toilet Ladies" and made them sit at a table apart from the others, as she publicly exposed their foul deed.

What does all this have to teach us about kinkiness? It's a good example of the dialectic. Nowhere was shitting so violently disowned by its human authors. It was oppressed, repressed and supressed. But the more they suppressed it, the more completely it dominated their thoughts and their lives. We create our own monsters out of the disowned parts of our bodies and souls. Compare the above with an adult American version of anal*itis*. A man recently wrote to me about his relationship with his submissive:

" . . . There are complicated rules about her toilet habits. Whenever she goes to the toilet, the door must be left open, and when she has made her turds, she has to call me, no matter who else is present: "I'm ready to have my dirty bottom wiped." Sometimes I wipe it myself, sometimes I let her do it. In the latter case she has to present herself to me bare-bottomed and bent over, holding her globes open and bulging out her anus for me to inspect it and make sure it is thoroughly clean. She has been made to do this before several of our girlfriends who either share our interest in S/M or at least know about it. If I ever find

(Continued on page 86)

I, KIM POPE

WRESTLING FOR DOLLARS

by KIM POPE

photo by PETER HURD

Porn's most luscious blonde is a soft-spoken, romantic, erotic adventuress who adores inserting herself in sticky situations at home and abroad. When not super-starring, directing, producing and churning out a series of red-hot memoirs, she studies and knits. The entire CHERI staff is in love with her and jealous. We might just eat your love notes. But write anyway.

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

You get involved—because *we* get involved! CHERI magazine is famous for its on-the-spot reporting of all that's kinky, exciting, revealing, *now.* I myself have rushed where angels and all sensible people fear to tread. This month, in answer to *your* request, I am reporting on my experiences as a female wrestler.

Now, as most of you know, my five-foot-two frame isn't exactly designed for astounding the world with feats of strength. Did I let that stop me? *No*! But I should have. Here I sit trying to type, black-and-blue from head to toe, my ankle is taped and my neighbors are convinced that my husband has taken to wife-beating, but never mind—I'm still alive and here to tell the tale . . .

Three days ago, I received a phone call from a friend who knew I had been trying, without much success, to reach someone who found sexual pleasure in watching two women wrestle. She gave me a phone number, and told me to call. Well, before long, I had actually agreed to go to Queens and wrestle with this fellow's wife! Now, what do you wear to a wrestling match? The wrestlers on TV seem to favor animal hide loincloths; I settled for a black leotard.

I arrived and found them to be rather ordinary looking, but pleasant. Over drinks he revealed that he had been sexually aroused by watching women fight or wrestle since his early teens. He especially liked to watch them claw at each others' clothes and to slowly see their bodies revealed as they are torn from each others' bodies. I could see he really enjoyed talking about it because he was developing a bulge in his pants! Hs pointed out all the fight sequences in films, cat fights in western saloons, and women fighting over some man in a New York penthouse. I had to admit he was right; from my own films I can recall dozens of such scenes.

His wife was staring at me and I wondered if she was sizing up her "opponent". I excused myself and fled to the bathroom to do some quick snipping at my costume. If he wanted to see it torn from my body, I was darn well going to help it along—I cut the seams loose with a pair of nail clippers and doctored my underthings, as well.

Meanwhile, back in the living room, they too had been busy. When I returned, the furniture had been cleared and the lights turned low. The center of the room was covered with a king-size bedsheet over the carpet—this, they explained, was the "ring". During the match we were not allowed out of this area. She had taken off her clothing and was clad only in a leopard bathing suit.

Well, now I was feeling really stupid—she was pacing up and down just like on TV—I was waiting for her to start drooling and beating her chest. I figured she must really love the guy to be putting on shows for him like this. Then I realized that I was getting scared—in the movies such things are choreographed and rehearsed—but when he rang the "bell" I stopped rationalizing and started pacing around just like she was. *What the hell*, we might as well give him a good show.

Suddenly, she grabbed me and started pulling me to the floor. I remembered an old trick from my childhood and "threw," her. That seemed to be what she had been waiting for—some sort of signal that we were fighting in earnest. She recovered with surprising strength and soon I was on the floor beneath her. I kept trying to wiggle away or get up, but she was much stronger than I and I couldn't. Then Hubby rang the bell again and she let me up.

During round two I discovered that there was more to this than I had realized—she was enjoying it as much as he was. Whenever she had me close to her she would grab my breast or my pussy in a manner overtly sexual. I managed to get her top pulled down, and as her breasts flopped free her husband started to urge us on softly. Thank God I had done that snipping—she was pulling and tugging at my clothing in earnest. We were both really working up a sweat. I had no time to wonder about their unusual sex trip, I was too busy trying to hold my own in this by now very real wrestling match. Even though she seemed to be letting me pin her sometimes, I was still finding it hard to keep on my feet.

Finally, we were both naked and then her attitude changed. She was no longer letting me go when I seemed to need a bit of help. I heard her husband talking about the winner getting some really great head. Then all of a sudden it was over, her husband was counting off points and she was sitting on my face for the winner's prize—or at least trying to. I hadn't expected this and was still trying to escape. No good. She really was stronger than me and insisted on her "prize." I guess that was their game—*he* certainly seemed to be having fun. I did the best I could under the circumstances, and she finally let me up.

I collapsed into a chair and suddenly realized how tired I was. My ankle hurt and my whole body felt bruised. They were both trying to explain their excitement and feelings about whah had just happened. He was bragging how no one had ever beaten his wife at the game—even though she was not especially large. It seemed to be important to him. They asked me to stay and swing with them but I declined, pleading another commitment.

For these people, female wrestling seemed to epitomize the dominant/submissive sexual relationship. There was something about the struggle that seemed to recall primative mating by force, the cave man battling his competitors and carrying off his prize by the hair. I felt the sexuality in their reasons but was unable to fully understand it. Perhaps our

(Continued on page 98)

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

MONA LEE'S HAIRY PUSSY PIE

Overripe Renee—Cranshaw Queen of CHERI Magazine—roots around in the rarified netherworld of postal porn, revealing that what you seek, fans, ain't always what you get. But if sticky panties, used stockings and technicolor teenies gone bad get you hot, where else can you go? Woolworth's? Write our mail-order maven here at CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

PUCKAMIN, NJ—First I hear a vague sound too far away to be identifiable. It gets louder and louder and eventually couples with hazy rectangular shapes that whirl unrecognizably toward me.

Then a tearing, crackling noise begins. It amplifies and becomes so deafeningly intense that I'm finally jolted awake to realize what I've been imagining is the sound of hords of people hotly ripping open mail-order parcels of pornographic delight!

I've been having that dream a lot lately . . .

***

While dutifully scanning the personal columns in a favorite sex paper, I recently spied three different ads sharing a common PO Box. I wondered if they represented one person resourcefully trying to expand their business or a bunch of friends eager to reduce expenses by using one address. I sent away to all three to see what might develop.

The first ad promised shots of "The most beautiful beaver you have ever seen. $5 brings spread legs front and rear view. 'See it all' photos!" A return letter soon sped my way from Candy, POB 24081, Chicago, IL 60624. Sure enough, her snatch *did* look like a luscious confection, but unfortunately that's the only part of her the photos revealed.

I understand that obscuring or obliterating their faces makes it much smoother sailing for these porn advertisers by drastically reducing the chance that some crusading moralist of a next-door neighbor might manage to get their grubby little paws on these X-rated pix and make life miserable. Yet to me this is similar to reading a book and finding a couple of pages torn out; no matter how much remains you get the unmistakable feeling that something essential is missing.

Rummaging through her envelope in search of other clues to Candy's sweet identity, I came across a note that I speculated might contain a description of the lassie or at least a representative list of rates for the stuff she sells.

I was wrong. Instead she merely mailed back my original letter without a comment. I guess it was supposed to serve as a receipt reminding me that my order had been promptly filled. But you'd think this babe would know from experience that any pornographic mail freak worth his postage never forgets what he sent away for!

***

Her cohort Lisa Jay's ad flaunted a "Swinging Gal. Well versed in sex, French and Greek art, also have the most sexy pussy you have seen. 3 photos for $5."

What a challenge! Candy had likewise held claim to the world's most alluring cunt. By now I had a sneaky suspicion they'd turn out to be the same person and was pleased to open her package and find they weren't. Even though she didn't show her face either, it was easy to discern differences in the shape and hairiness of their legs, thighs, and vaginas by comparing photos.

In my original letter I had amicably asked her whether she and her pals were engaged in a cooperative business venture that might explain their mutual mailing address. I'd hoped this would stimulate my correspondent to discuss her adventures in the long-distance skin trade, maybe even to the point of relating a few particularly juicy or amusing anecdotes.

In reply she (like Candy) returned my letter and merely wrote "yes" on it above my question. I've gotten more attention than that from a lone waitress attending 12 hungry patrons in a crowded luncheonette. But before passing final judgement on the girls I decided to write to the final member of this triumvirate to see what they'd come up with.

***

"Pussy Galore is yours to have. Swinging gal has the most hairy pussy you have ever seen. Photo plus a way to improve your fuck life. Send $5 and SASE." I immediately mailed away to this "Mona Lee" at the same box number. Soon I was eagerly sifting through her letter in search of the magical secret promising to move sex one step closer to the highest realm of pleasure imaginable. Would it be an ancient Hindu aphorism? An order blank for special French ticklers? Vegetables? Diagrams? My mind danced through the alluring possibilities.

Mona Lee enclosed two photos in her package. Unlike those of her compatriots, these fully revealed her attractive face, seductive body, and a cunt patch that I'd confidently describe as moderately hairy. Since her ad promised only one picture, the bonus freebee arrived as an unexpected windfall.

She, too, returned my initial letter virtually without comment. I interpret this as an obvious indication that it was just too much trouble for her to take the time to set pen to paper. All in all, I'd suggest that these three otherwise groovy babes slow their porn machine down a gear or two—at least enough so they're operating at the same speed as their customers. After all, buying somebody's intimate photos should be a bit more personal and pleasing than, say, going shopping for a pair of shoes.

Oh, yes . . . What about that "secret for good fucking" that Mona Lee promised? It turned out to be a message. "69" and "Smile!" That's it. Written at the bottom of my letter. Ponder the cosmic significance of *that* for awhile!

***

No true mail-order devotee could resist "Princess Pee Pee. The ultimate in a golden shower from the split fountain of Princess Pee. $2.00 plus 50¢ handling." Wow. A chance to see an authentic sun-and-urine-drenched West Coast goddess prompted me to send my $3.00 to B & G, POB 17044, San Diego, CA 92117.

This fluid-filled femme must've gone bone

(Continued on page 71)

BAY BALL GAME

WITH DNA RESEARCH AND GENETIC ENGINEERING, WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO A WHOLE NEW UNIVERSE OF SEXUAL POSSIBILITIES.
INSTITUTE OF SEX RESEARCH
SPECIMENS OF EXCEPTIONAL SIZE AND STAYING POWER!
FANTASY SEX OBJECTS WILL BE PRODUCED TO MEET EXACT SPECIFICATIONS.
NOTICE THE RETRACTABLE TEETH FOR BLOW JOBS!
A LIVING DOLL!
SCIENCE MAY BRING THE 'FINAL SOLUTION' TO LIBERATION STRUGGLES.
PANT PANT PANT
GOOD GIRL! I'LL TAKE YOU OUT FOR A WALK LATER.

KINKY ARISTOCRATS WILL ORDER SPECIAL BLACK MARKET MODELS.
UH UH UH
LET'S TRY THOSE APE PEOPLE NEXT!
TEENAGERS WILL GROW UP FREE FROM PAINFUL IDENTITY CRISES...
YOU BE THE BOY TONIGHT AND I'LL BE THE GIRL!
AND SOME FORTUNATE SOULS WILL BYPASS SEXUAL DIFFICULTIES ALTOGETHER.
OH, IT WORKS BEAUTIFULLY! I JUST STICK MY FINGER IN MY EAR AND I'M SATISFIED FOR A MONTH!

MARY SATIVA BEGAN HER CAREER IN EROTICA AS THE AUTHOR OF OLYMPIA PRESS BEST SELLER **ACID TEMPLE BALL**. A SOMETIME CONTRIBUTER TO **DUDE, GENT, ESCAPADE, & TITTERS**, AND CHARTER MEMBER OF S.F.'S UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SHE FIRMLY BELIEVES PICTURES ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN WORDS...

BRAVE NEW WORLD

BY MARY SATIVA

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by BRITT LOVELAND

BALLING IN THE BREADBASKET

Britt Loveland and her husband, Brian, rose to fame quickly. Their winning entry in the Cheri Orchard Movie Contest catapulted them straight from their midwestern ranchhouse obscurity to the polluted, debased offices of CHERI, where they got a chance to act out their own scenario with co-star Annie Sprinkle. They adapted to the cultural shock instantly. Britt, who has appeared in amateur skin mag contests in the past, has also worked as a topless dancer, and is presently settling down to the swinging life of ease. Britt would love to correspond with her readers, and you can write her c/o CHERI.

SWINGSHIFT / MIDWEST

Britt Loveland is my name—and pleasure is my game. Now, that may sound a bit corny, but it does serve as an adequate description of our sexual persuasions. We are a married couple in our twenties; we've been actively involved in swinging, as a recreation, for four of our eight married years.

I'd like to think that when I talk about swinging everyone knows immediately where I'm coming from; but even in these loose and supposedly open times, many people misunderstand the real meaning of swinging. "Swinging" is a word running off the lips of many people these days, but these folks with the gleam in their eyes are simply referring to mate exchange, swapping, or civilized petit-type orgies. There are many derogatory connotations associated with the word. Swingers are a minority, and with our status comes various forms of prejudice and plain ordinary ignorance.

Many articles have been written about swinging recently, because of its phenomenal growth. It surely is not new—swingers have been doing their thing since cavemen first pounded their puds—it's just that the "swinging boom" is a novelty and most everyone is interested, from an informative viewpoint, or one of action.

Some information on swinging is functional, but yet still leaves many questions unanswered, and leaves one with the feeling that much information has been either missed or slaughtered by some editor. There's a lot more to say about swinging than has been printed.

Brian and I have been asked by CHERI to spill the beans and give the real inside truths of swinging. Not the contrived half-truths of an investigative writer who must rely on his imagination to pull a story together.

I know that at this point some of you will be mumbling, "Ah fuck! What the hell does she know about that scene, and what can she tell me that will be so fucking different?" If those are your sentiments, ducky, you're going to be very pleasantly surprised! Hang around, dears, and save all your nickles, you won't want to miss an issue of CHERI, and let me tell you why!

As a new (virgin no, just new) CHERI Orchard columnist, I'll be informing my readers about our own erotic swinging experiences with married couples, non-married couples and single swingers, both male and female. These happenings alone will have your internal fluids oozing, but that's only a portion of my stock. I'll be giving you all the spicy details of interviews with the sophisticated kinky, young, old, bisexual and gay swingers. I'll only be after the most zesty experiences. You'll be given information on various swing publications and clubs around the country. In fact, I'll explain just how to go about meeting swingers. My information will have great value to those entering the swinging door for the first time, as well as the veterans who've tripped over the threshold habitually. I've received permission from swinging publications to print ads from their magazines in CHERI—ads handpicked by their editors! This means you will have the pick of the very best—and believe me, from my own experience—that's a terrific bonus! I'm going to report on the scene in key cities across the nation, and my state capital, Madison, Wisconsin, will be the first.

I'm not going to hide the unhappy side to swinging. I'll tell you about the disappointments, frustrations and rage that Brian and I have experienced, plus the tragic outcome of others. Swinging is not for everyone, and is not always a bed of roses for even the most veteran swinger.

When I tell you about an experience I'm not going to polish the language, I'm going to give you the savory facts as they are. I'm known for my filthy mouth when I describe sex. I feel that things should be shown as they are, and I'm not going to be prim and proper about it. Don't look for such lines as, "The two lovebirds engaged in intercourse, fellatio and cunnilingus." Rather, expect to read about Brian and myself and others getting fucked, jacked-off, finger-fucked, cock-sucked and pussy-licked. As I always say, "Spare the explicit and spoil the story."

Since Brian and I took our wedding vows, neither of us has had any sort of sexual fling or short-term affair outside our marriage. Yet, I wear the smiles from many wonderful sexual encounters. To put it simply, my friends, I've had the delight of tasting many cocks and cunts, and I've purred to the sensation derived from screwing a hard cock or being tongued by an experienced girl. In other words, sucking, fucking and tongueing—*and all with my husband's delighted permission!* All those wonderful erotic trysts, without guilt or shame.

From our very first swinging experience, Brian and I found we were hooked and knew that sharing sexual pleasure with friends would be an added vice-spice that we would want to devour forever.

Swinging did not intoxicate us to the point of taking unnecessary risks with our emotions, though. Many couples or single swingers have suffered strong disappointments, severe frustrations, boiling jealousies and blind rage. Not everyone can play swinging roulette and be a winner. One just doesn't run headlong into another couple's bedroom without first peeking through the keyhole to make certain that the room is clear of hazy idealism. Those who ignore certain precautions may find their bed, which should be their vehicle to sexual gratification, turning into a hearse that takes them to the divorce court.

Don't let your cocks go pale or your cunts go dry. I'm not trying to scare you; however, I want to make you aware of the injury you can suffer if you don't anticipate it. It's sort of like

(Continued from page 98)

SUE FEELE, SUPERSTAR

Ah, Suzanne. How would we ever have made it through the day without her wild tales of sexual misadventures in the big city? She was at once the worst receptionist and funniest fucklet that ever collected a paycheck from CHERI. She's also a damn good writer, jazz buff and erotic philosopher and almost everyone we know is in love with her, so keep those cards and letters coming, fans.

FOREIGN FUCK FREAKS

by SUE FEELE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

We have lived through the era when sex was dirty, we have just passed through the era when sex became open, and we are now going through the era when sex is becoming absurd. Now that everyone's kinks are spilling out of the closet and into the news media, about all us relatively normal types can do is laugh ruefully, and feel left out. In America, where people have always prided themselves on their individuality and nonconformity, (which reached its apotheosis by the mass conformity of nonconformity in the sixties) it is becoming a mark of esteem among the middle class to be sexually kinky in some way.

If you're not clever enough to devise your own weird trip, you can always go to the library and pick up a copy of Krafft-Ebing. Nobody on your block will even suspect that you're not the first person to get off on carrying around women's high heeled shoes in a wheelbarrow. If libraries give you claustrophobia, go to the back of your local porn shop, and pick up a used copy of *Sanguinary Love* or *The Home Guide to Raping Domestic Animals*. And hurry, because supplies are going fast.

I began to realize that I was out of the sexual mainstream several weeks ago while having dinner with a friend named Jeff. Somewhere between the linguine and the yougurt pie, he started complaining bitterly over the fact that out of 100 women he has dated in the last year, over 90 of them were into S & M in some way. "A Florida girl", he said, "a real knockout. She wanted me to put out cigarettes on her toes. They were the most beautiful toes I've ever seen. I couldn't do it." He looked disconsolate. "Then there was that Spanish girl with the incredible ass who got into bed with me and said, 'I'm not in the mood tonight!' So I rolled over to go to sleep, when she whispered in my ear, 'Rape me!' She blew me away with that one. I couldn't even get a hardon."

All this seemed very unusual to me, so I decided to check around and ask other men I know whether things like this were happening to them, too. Everyone I spoke to assured me that there is a trend in unusual sexual practices. Ron, an ex-lover, said, "One woman I see insists that I shit and piss on her before fucking her." "Do you enjoy doing it?" I asked. "The pissing part's O.K.," he said, "but I'm used to having a bowel movement at 9am, and on the days when I'm seeing this woman, I hold it in all day, because I'm afraid I won't be able to produce a good shit in the evening." I suggested that he knock off a bottle of castor oil with his pre-dinner martini, and went on to question some other people. I came away feeling that it is *me* who must be weird. I was getting dizzy just trying to keep track of who was eating, beating, or enema-fleeting whom. When preparing for a date, I would never think of tucking a cat-o-nine-tails in my purse, or inviting a teen-age Chinese street gang along for a gang-bang. Maybe that's because my formative sexual years were in the late fifties and early sixties, when wearing green tights on a blind date or rubbing your "steady's body with Johnson's Baby Oil were considered really far-out.

If sexual practices are getting strange in this country, they are still piddling compared with what's going on in some other parts of the world. This morning, I was going through some Reuter's (the European news service) releases that a friend who worked for a Paris newspaper had sent me, and concluded that the whole world has flipped its cookies (or, in the case of the French, its marzipan cakes). My feeling, after reading these stories, is that foreigners are a perverted, pernicious lot, (as all we good Americans always suspected) and we don't want any of their dangerous ideas infiltrating into the American consciousness.

For starters, check out this story out of the gourmet capital of the world.

BOURGES, FRANCE, OCT 17, REUTER—A judge today dismissed charges of lewd behavior against two bakers who displayed penis-shaped marzipan cakes in their window.

The bakers told the court that they made the cakes after the success of a popular song, "Les Zizis"—A children's term for male sexual organs.

Charges against them were brought by indignant parents who objected to the public display.

The judge dropped the charges after the bakers' lawyer argued that they had made the cakes because of *The permanent incitement to debauchery caused by our pornographic environment.*

***

This item prompted me to buy a box of Animal Crackers to see whether American bakers had been hopelessly incited by pornography to putting genitalia on the little circus lions and bears, and I was relieved to discover that we haven't yet sunk to the depths of such depravity. If this ever caught on, we might be faced with—good God!—the specter of Hostess Twinkies in the form of *real* hostesses with cream filling dripping out of life-like vaginas, or devil dogs with chocolate testicles appended to them. It's bad enough already, with kids spelling out "shit" and "fuck" with their Alpha-bits cereal, and Campbell's vegetable soup.

If you aren't numb with horror yet, go on to the following news item, from India. While reading it, keep in mind the fact that in India there is a severe problem of overpopulation, due to a lack of entertaining prime-time shows on T.V., which makes mass sterilization incentives such as this a good idea.

MADRAS, NOV. 25, REUTER—Soccer fans are being offered free tickets for the national football championships opening in Kerala State next month—if they first have themselves sterilized.

(Continued on page 98)

BONNIE LAURIE

In the Theater of Cheap Thrills

It's an adult Fantasyland where anything goes . . .

Times Square, New York is an adult Disneyland—a full scale adult-a-rama designed to fulfill the most fledgling erotic demands of sexual lonelyhearts. But there are theaters of cheap thrills in almost every town—probably even yours—where movies and moves both rate 'X,' and matinee idols are living dolls. The day-glo banana smiling like a happy face in the dark is simply a burned-out hippie jerking off to a bad copy of the 3-D spectacular, "The Stewardesses." A flick of your dick in the loge reveals a body-beautiful in the seat in front of you who is taking off her top and tickling her clit in unison with the actress masturbating on the silver screen. Her boobs are *muy glorioso*, her mood terrific, her attitude positively pornific. She's a rock and roll baby bursting with affection and for once you're glad to find yourself on Saturday afternoon in *the* Theater of Cheap Thrills.

Photo Credit: ZOOM

It's a place where they serve up creamed cunt soup at the candy counter . . . where key lime pie is the password for a margarita douche . . .

Photos by Ralph Hampton

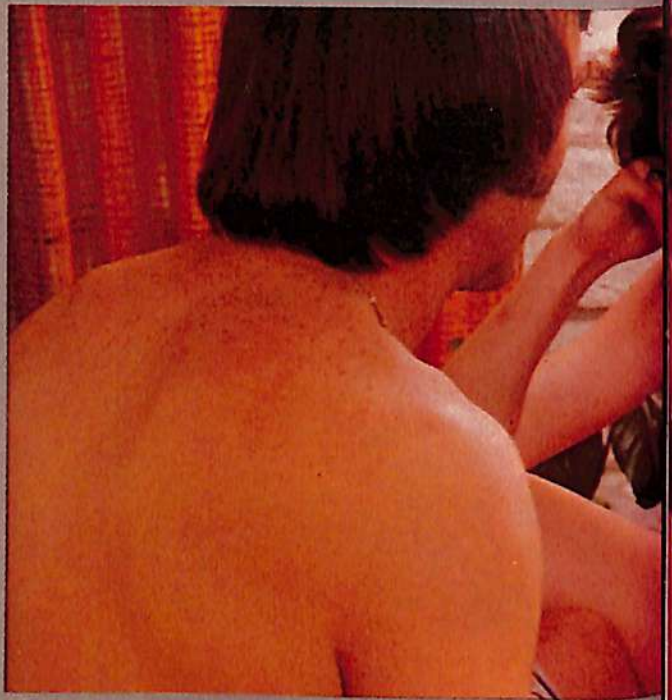
CHAMPOO

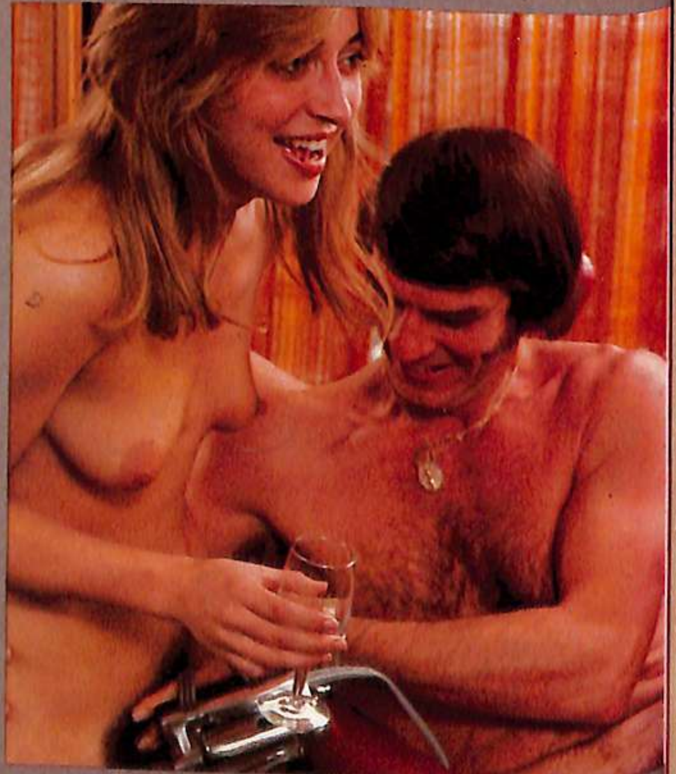
WHEREIN RAPE OF THE LOCK LEADS TO RAPE OF THE JOCK

Has shears, will screw—or, can a horny hairdresser turn a wash and set into an orgy, and still make his next appointment?

What is it these broads really want? It ain't enough I'm the classiest blow dryer in Westchester, plus my politics are just the right side of liberal, plus I even make house calls. It ain't enough I'm very careful to put it to her before the final comb-out—God forbid she should mess up my magnificent coiffeur for a little love in the afternoon. Then there's these two gorgeous models, Goldie & Julie, that they're killing themselves over me at the swearing-in dinner for Bowling League officers, where most of the action went on under the table and under my tuxedo. One thing being an exclusive hairdresser has really impressed on my head, man—these broads have no shame at all.

Face it, I'm a trophy. A great-looking dude—why be shy? When I was 18 there were women calling night and day.





MR. WARREN KNEW JUST HOW TO GET IT UP, ON & OUT BEFORE THE FINAL COMB-OUT

"Why six? Ten? Fifteen?" my ma would ask me, ironing my levis for another hot night out. "Why can't you settle down with one girl, maybe a nice dental receptionist, and let her wait on you hand and foot for the rest of her life? All this fucking and sucking and carrying on, night after night . . ."

"It's hard to tell ya, Ma," I explained—of course being a broad herself she didn't get it right away, "but when I'm gettin' it on, well, I get the feelin' that—well, that I could live forever."

"But you jerk—you *will* live forever! You're only 18 years old, Mr. Warren!" (Even then she knew I'd make a great hairdresser.) "But look at your life—all those vital juices you pour into these females. Sapping your ambition—think! What will you be in ten years, other than a stupefyingly beautiful 28-year-old glamour boy, hanh?"

What do mothers know? Too much, is what. Once a customer gets a taste of my style there's

SPLIT ENDS—CURSE OR BLESSING? MR. WARREN'S PATENTED CREME RINSE CURES ALL

no keeping her under her towel. My deeply-held convictions about Spiro Agnew—my wryly cynical asides on their fat-cat husbands and keepers—my secret dreams of owning a private salon, where they'll all be kept in cages until the blow-dry—all so much hair spray before the wind. I'm nothing but a stupefyingly beautiful toy to these bimbos. I offer them a henna rinse, they start to strip. I say, "Looks like a few more split ends, Mrs. Gotrox," and she's burying her nose in my crotch. But the tips are good.

"Mr. Warren," they all tell me, "you're the champ." And from hair, they could care less—I could dye it purple, and they'd still go home glowing like nuclear reactors. Plus they want to gossip afterwards and tell me all their female problems. One of these days I'll get back, though—I'm gonna write a book, "Only Her Hairdresser Knows For Sure."

THE PAP SWAPPERS

BY SANDRA MICHAELSON

Breastfeeding is a womanly art says the book put out by La

Photos by Peter Hurd

"For a swinger who's nursing, one of the true joys is to share her milk with multiple bedmates; my many lovers became thirst-crazed whenever they climbed into my bed."

Leche League International. My Walter didn't say much about it: just that I should read the book and make up my own mind about what was best for me and my baby.

For the longest time, the book sat around, unread, as I tried to organize my life for the coming event. Nursing was about the **last** thing on my mind. The only thought I had about breastfeeding at that time was that it was probably perfect for women who did not have access to Similac with Iron.

Anything which would "tie me down" excessively, I reasoned, had to be bad. Walter and I had thought long and hard about having a child. When we decided we did want a family, we also resolved to preserve as much as possible the pleasant lifestyle we had evolved in our eight years of childless marriage.

About halfway through our marriage, with divorces cropping up all around us, Walt and I had become sporadic "swingers."Gradually, we had progressed from "closed" swinging—Walt going off to another room with the wife, while I remained with the husband—to "open" swinging with from four-to-six couples.

Swinging was not a religion with us. We did it occasionally rather than compulsively. It did add a lot of spice to our lives, and since our attitude was not what I termed "F and R" (fuck and run), we had developed a small circle of loving friends with whom we had intercourse socially as well as sexually.

One day, towards the middle of my pregnancy, I was looking around for something to read, and happened upon **The Womanly Art of Breastfeeding**. As I read it, something happened to my attitude about breastfeeding. From the first chapter: "Best for Baby, Best for You," I became fascinated, intrigued, and finally convinced that this was something I wanted to try.

The health benefits to mother and baby seemed obvious. But there was one point I was particularly curious about and could find no answer to—not in the La Leche handbook nor in several other books on nursing I borrowed from the library—how it **feels** to nurse? Some of the books did mention, in passing, that breast-feeding was a "nice" feeling, or something to that effect, but that was not enough for me.

Finally, in a book called **The Complete Book of Breastfeeding**, by Dr. Marvin S. Eiger and Sally Wendkos Olds, I found the passage I had been looking for. It read:

"Very little attention is usually given to the fact that breastfeeding can be an intensely pleasurable, sensuous act. Suckling a baby gives rise to some of the same physical responses that occurs during sexual intercourse, such as the discharge of the hormone oxytocin, **contractions of the uterus, erection of the nipples, and the elevation of body temperature. Masters and Johnson, the researchers who have contributed so much to our knowledge of physiological sexual response, report in their book,**

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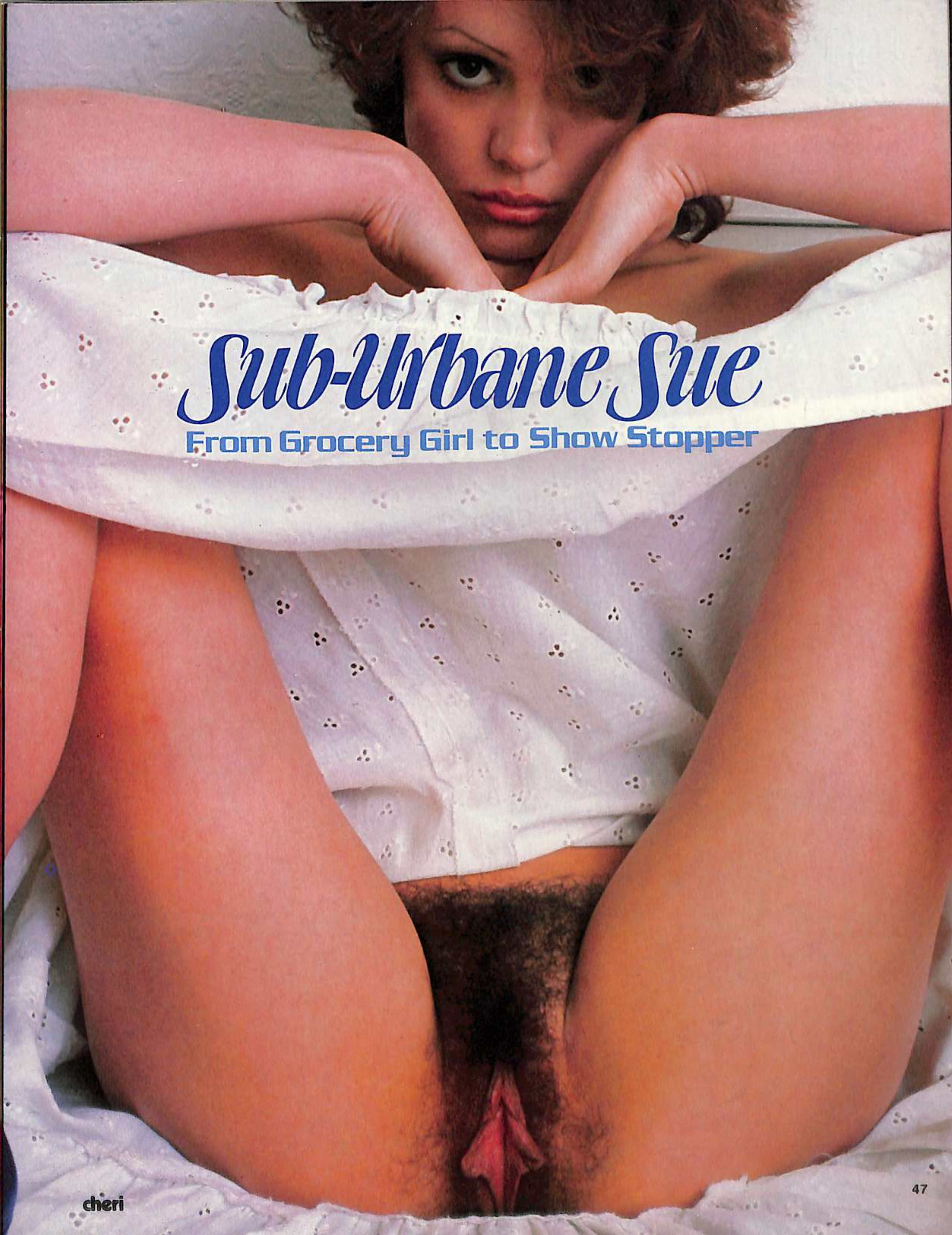


Sub-Urbane Sue

From Grocery Girl to Show Stopper

One Australian art director we know claims that English girls all look alike: round, cherubic faces, puckered, pouting mouths, fair skin with a bit of pink in their cheeks.

We weren't looking at the pink in her cheeks when we bought this set, though, and quickly figured that Sue would fit right into CHERI's pages.

Discovering a little more about her than the pictures revealed proved only slightly more difficult.

Sue lives on fashionable Fulham Road in Chelsea, a district of London. Our photographer tells us she is an aspiring actress who serves her hustler husband by performing mostly in porno films. "It pays the rent," and that way hubby doesn't have to work.

The good life won't last long, however, since Sue is a few months pregnant (several, by now), and that means the old man is going to have to go back to the factory.

"We weren't looking at the pink in her cheeks when we bought this set . . . and quickly figured that Sue would fit right in to CHERI's pages."

And even if sub-urbane Sue were still a childless mother, our informant says she's the kind of girl who fucks up her work. "She's an emotional girl who abandons her body to drugs and alcohol, and goes to seed for her man. . . . She's an emotional wreck," said he, "constantly upset, and barely able, now, to even find a job modeling."

We're glad he got to her before that beautiful body and face of hers gave in to the stress of modern age.

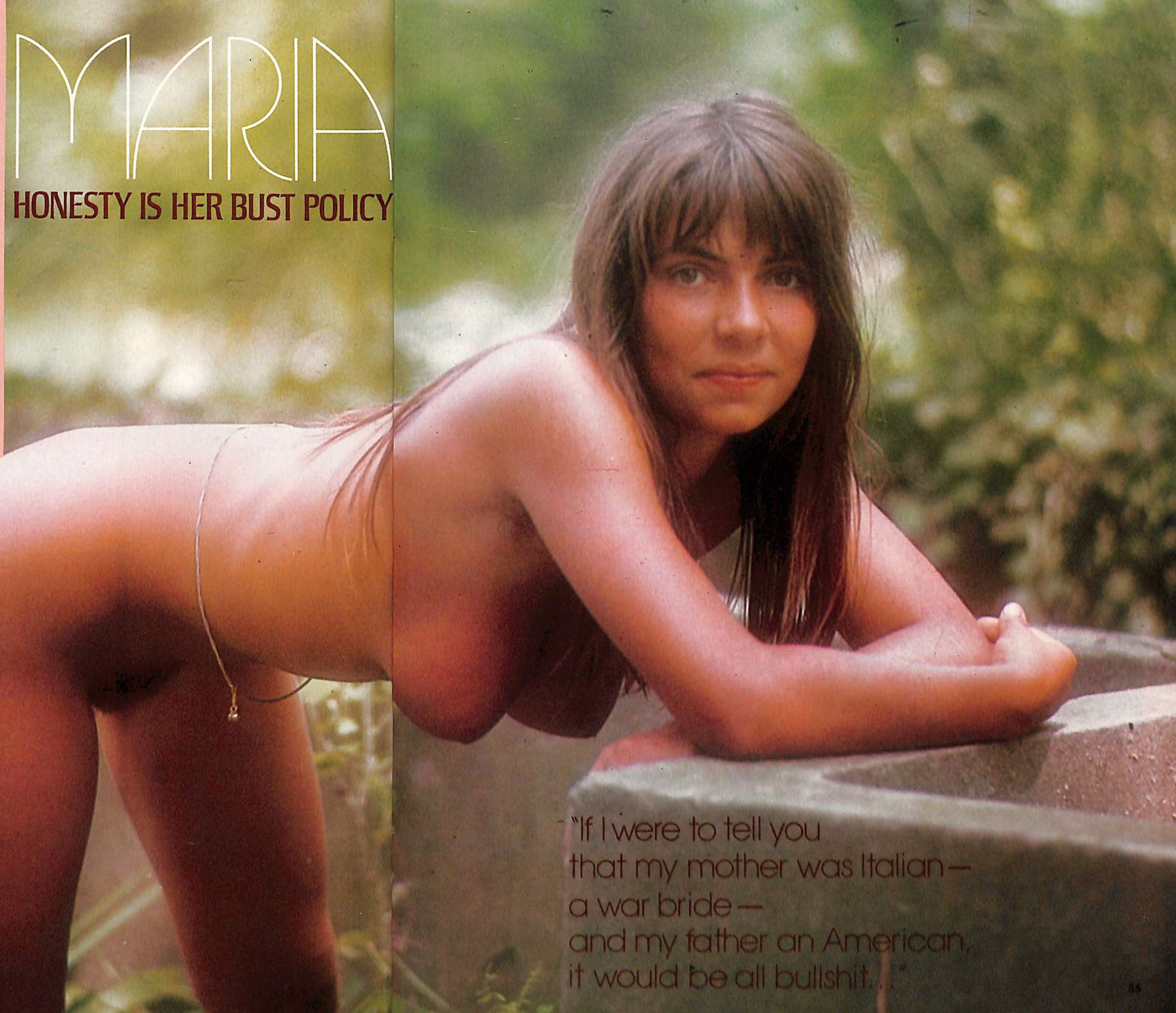
". . . she's the kind of girl who fucks up her work . . . and goes to seed for her man."

MARIA

HONESTY IS HER BUST POLICY

One of the many things we're proud about here at CHERI is that our information and the columns in the Cheri Orchard are all honest—the real thing. Sure, there's a little satire, but you know when you see it or read it that it's not to be believed, just played around with in your head or your hand.

That honesty is something we try to achieve in our girl copy, too. The carryover, however, is a little tough to make when you're buying sets from photographers the world over. Pictures come in in such volume and from so



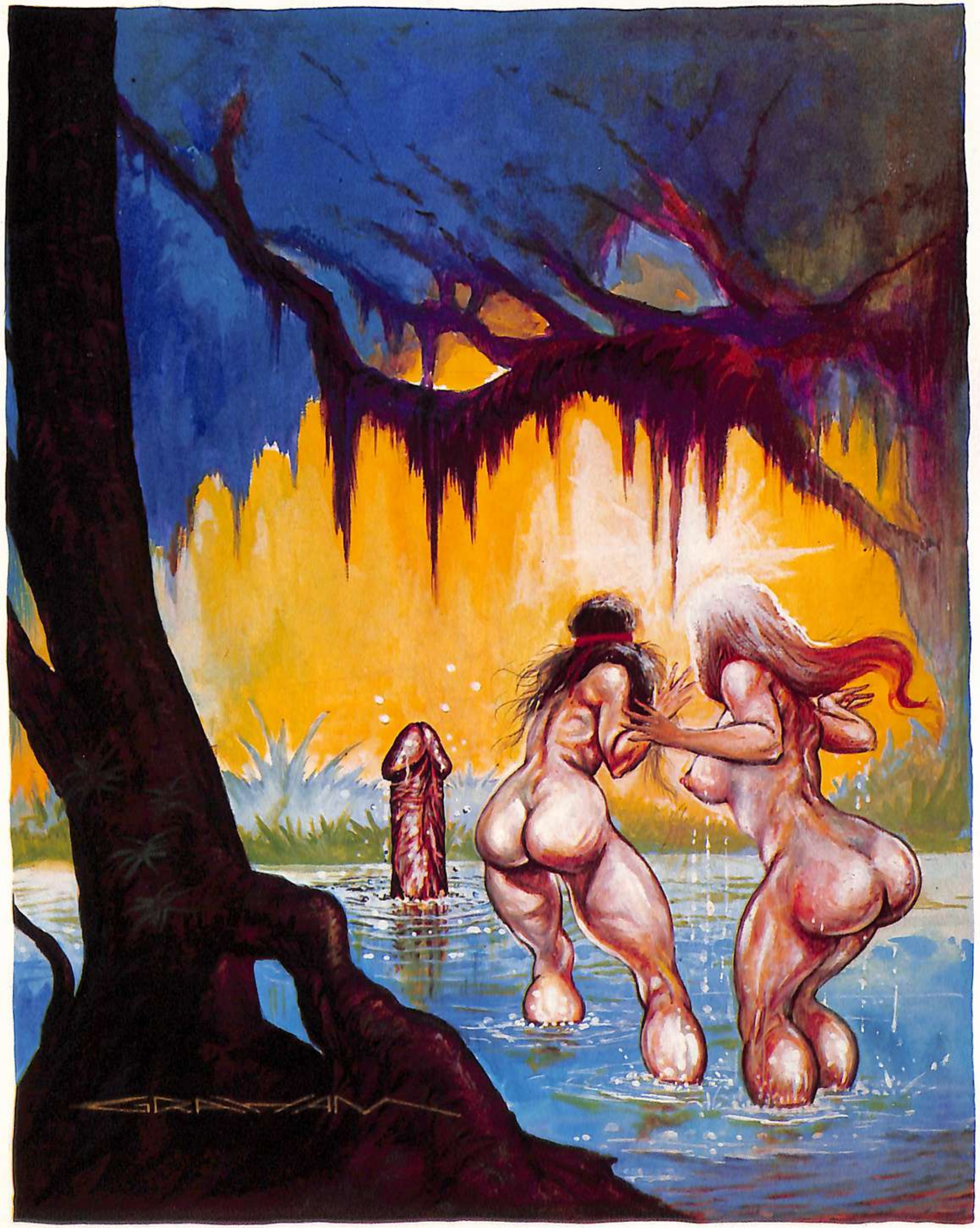
"If I were to tell you
that my mother was Italian—
a war bride—
and my father an American,
it would be all bullshit. . ."

"...But my ass, that is no bullshit. It is an ...

...erotic amusement park where grownups go to play grownup games."

far away that locating the photographer and/or models to find out who they are, what they do, where they live, is often difficult, if not impossible. When a lady tells us we can't use her name because her boyfriend will bust her chops, or more often, her father will sue, we change the name—but not always the story.

We think that kind of honesty is important if the CHERI family is going to stay together. When the information isn't available, of course, we'll write up whatever we want to, but never a phony resume of a girl who supposedly works in Chicago in a high rise on the waterfront when she's really an Indian who lives in the Okeefenokee Swamp in Florida. That wouldn't be cricket, would it?



"Hope there's a man on the other end of that monster."

The Torture Factory

By Alexzandra

ELASTIC BRIEFS
HOODS NOSE ONLY
HOODS EYES - NOSE
HOODS ZIPPER MOUTH
HALF HOODS
HOODS ZIPPER BACK

I'm not really into pain, but when my old man Twink and I began editing an S/M newspaper, the sexual refinements of restraint began to stir my darker instincts. So that when CHERI proposed that the two of us take our newfound masochism (or sadism—we weren't too clear where our energies were heading) down to the New York factory where the classiest bondage equipment is manufactured, we figured, how could it *hurt*?

You remember I'm the girl that's done everything—your May centerfold with the purple past, barely teasing 21? Peter knew he had a real guinea pig in me. Another girl would just report on the factory, the prices and the products, but his Alexandra would be so overcome by sexual curiosity she'd try them all. They say you can't keep a good girl down—but locking her into ankle shackles is a strong first step.

Bondage equipment is heavy, beautiful stuff. In between Polaroid orgies and hoofing in burlesque, I myself did a little work in a leather store in Philly—but our products couldn't begin to compare with the exquisitely wrought leather and chrome ensembles at the Pleasure Chest. There are eight of these perverse, sophisticated boutiques for the sexual adventurer, stocked with everything from disco jewelry to fully restricting harnesses and bondage mitts produced in-house. The workmanship knocked me out—the finest leather, with flawless stitching and really classy hardware. "And if we don't have it, we'll make it for you," the guy behind the counter told me, cheerful and helpful as Macy's best. "For special requests, all we need is a good drawing or the person to work with us on details. And *all* our products are guaranteed."

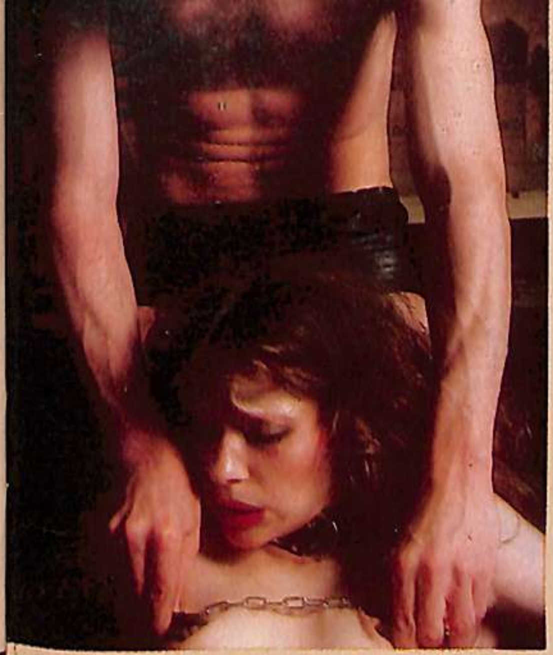
Naturally they don't whip up these super-complicated works of art in the men's room. The actual factory is located in the bowels of lower 11th Avenue, a neighborhood outstanding for its closeness to the trucks, the docks, and a savage assortment of gay leather, Crisco, piss

and/or general abuse bars—real fun joints like the *Anvil.* Which I'm not putting down; it's just that heavy-duty, back-room physical aggression has never been my scene. I can appreciate the energy, though.

Our first bit of discipline came from the building itself. The elevator was broken, so we had to suffer walking the eight flights up. As we entered the door of the world's only S/M assembly line, the animal smell of new leather got us so hot Twink almost creamed in his skin-tight cruising jeans.

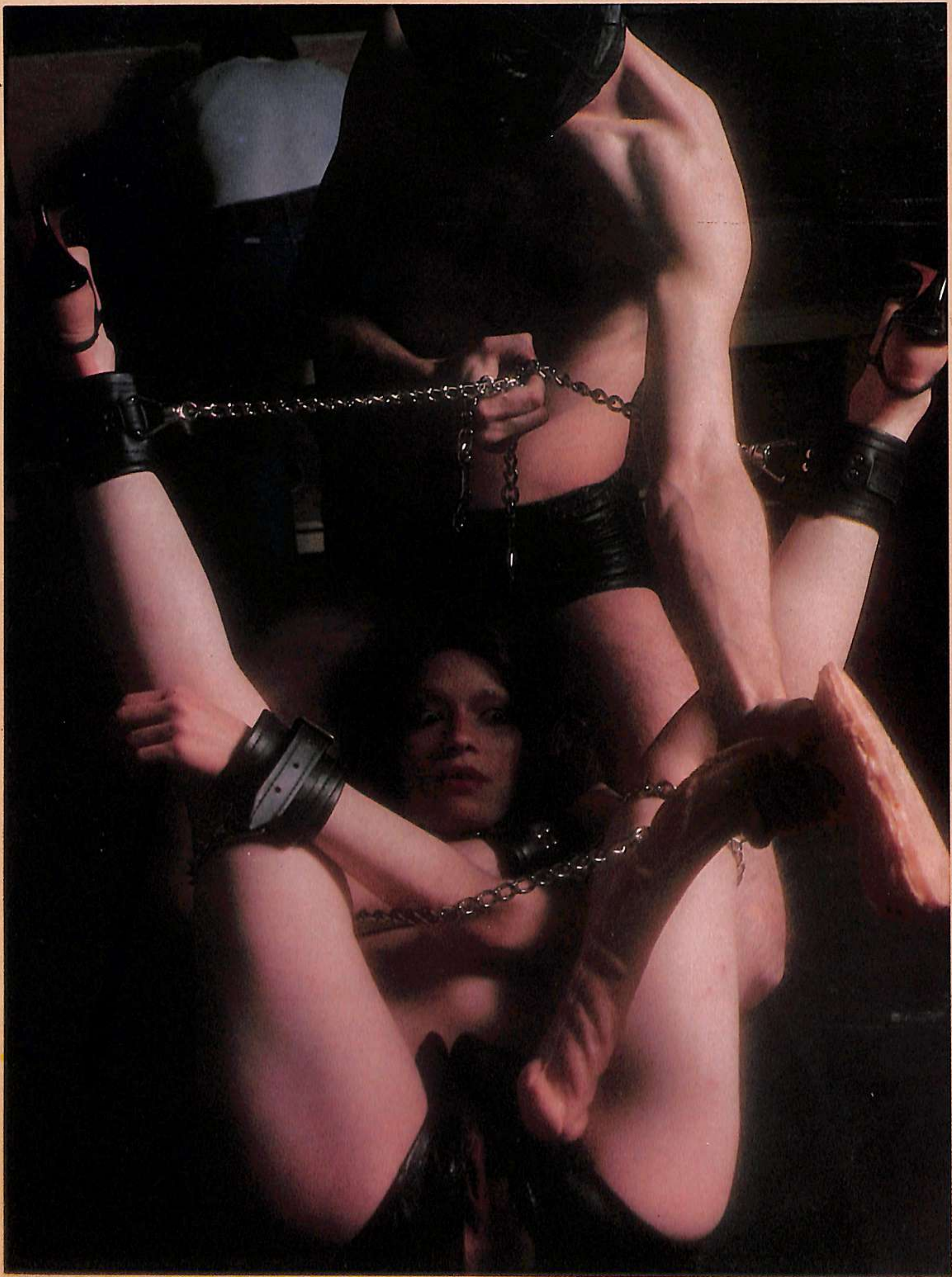
The joint is a sex maniac's wet dream, the counters covered with a quirky assortment of latex crotches, stallion dildos and French ticklers right out of *Star Trek.* A young, succulent, obviously butch gayperson materialized out of the vapor to wonder what we were doing there. "An interview," I murmured, "with Bill Rifkin . . . he's the owner . . ." But actually I could've done my basic research on this kid, right in the middle of the boxes labelled "English Cock Rings," "Ball Stretchers" and "The 7 Gates To Hell".

Bill Rifkin, lion of the Big Apple leather world, turned out to look like a cross between a priest in a Bing Crosby movie, and the devil himself. He could also have been closely related to the torture-dentist



in *Marathon Man*. With his suave voice, salt-and-pepper goatee and all-black outfit, he radiated the powerful intensity of a man very sure of his place in the order of things.

Rifkin's innovative brainchild, soon to become a major industry, began in a base-

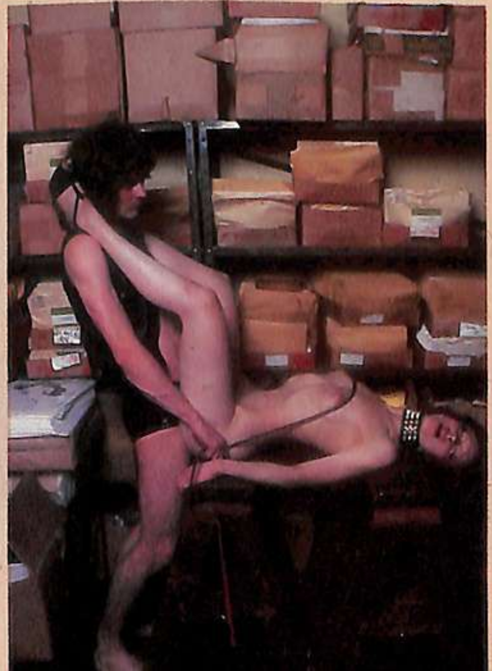


ment laboratory equipped with a small two-man table, and quickly grew into a huge loft employing over a dozen craftsmen, supplying eight Pleasure Chest boutiques and a burgeoning mail-order business. He's taken great care to create a warm, elegant atmosphere in his boutiques: "It always disgusted me, the way sex shops conducted business in such filth and sleaze . . . no wonder customers were ashamed to be seen there."

At some point during our probing conversation, Bill's devoted workers broke for lunch—to the *Anvil,* of course, for some fist-fucking sandwiches—and he took us on a more intimate tour of the workshop. My favorite nerve almost twitched out of my twat when he suggested we try on some of the products, "To get a feel of things." Then he politely snaked back into his office, leaving us alone to run amok in his leather labyrinth, like the original *Babes in Toyland.*

As I said, we've never even gotten into basic bondage until we started editing an S/M newspaper. But now its perverse appeal held us enthralled—which, I knew, could be helped along by full body harnesses to get the energy going right. Completely adjustable, they highlight erogenous zones, but their heavy leather construction can keep you hanging for four hours. You can get into a lot of trouble in that time.

The sight of Twink's cock and balls



held tight in a built-in cock ring inspired me to really lock him up. I chained him to the shelving (whoever designed this joint anticipated every erotic possibility) with D-ring wrist and ankle shackles. A young stud who is totally defenseless can really go to a sweet girl's head! Now I had free reign to play with the punishment goodies lying around waiting to bruise.

Whack! A studded leather paddle left an adorable pattern on his thigh. Twink, hamming it up, moaned softly, so I kissed him and made it better. Then a soft, braided riding crop enticed me, and I let him have it right across the chest. I thought of it as a caress, but he let out a yelp so I guess it really hit home. It really got me off to see him squirm, I'll tell you. I slipped on a cock gag and a face mask, and then—all you sadist sisters out there will really go crazy with this one—the "English Cock Harness" that lets you lead your slave around by the balls. The idea of having Twink writhe around at my whim was not without its own twisted appeal.

I looped the chain shackles over the doorway, took off the body harness and fit him into a basic ball-spreader. (Who thinks up these things?) Then I smacked him with a bullwhip. Boy, did he jump! It's a real rush watching someone respond that fast. No wonder Bill's doing such a land-office business here.

(Continued on page 98)

THE PAP SWAPPERS

(Continued from page 46)

***Human Sexual Response*, that women who nursed their babies were more interested in resuming sexual activity with their husbands than were non-nursing mothers. This may be because the nursing experience itself contains a measure of sexual stimulation—or perhaps because the woman who is more comfortable with her body is more likely to nurse her babies.**

By the time our baby daughter was born, I had extracted a promise from my doctor to allow me to nurse right on the delivery table, and the hospital had been chosen for its liberal "rooming in" policy, so that my baby could have access to my breasts as often as possible.

Walter, who was very supportive of my desire to nurse, was proud of my larger-than-ever breasts and enlarged nipples. At the few swinging parties we went to during my pregnancy, he would lovingly remove my sturdy bra himself, and watch with amusement the hungry looks on the faces of our friends as my full, ripe mammaries sprang free over my rounded belly.

When the man or woman I was with would hesitate to take a breast in their mouth, for fear of hurting me, Walt would encourage them to fulfill their desires.

"Go on. You're not going to hurt Sandy if you suck those beautiful boobs of hers," he would say, with my complete agreement.

During this period, Walter had a standing joke. He told our swinging friends that I was planning to nurse our baby, and that anyone who wanted to taste mother's milk could do so "only if you bring your own cookie. After all, what's milk without a cookie!"

This line got a lot of laughs. Little did either of us realize then how deep this fantasy of being taken to the mother's breast went with some of our friends, or how steadfastly some of them would retain this desire in the months ahead.

Hillary was born on a bright, sunny Spring afternoon. As promised, she was put to my breast almost immediately. Luckily, I knew what to expect: her first few attempts at nursing were half-hearted. My darling little girl was naturally not hungry yet, and it took a few days for the thin, colorless colostrum to give way to sweet, warm mother's milk. Very quickly thereafter, though, Hillary became a real nursing "pro."

The book had been right about my interest in resuming sexual activity with my husband as quickly as possible. In fact, I was hornier than ever before, and Walter, of course, was delighted. The baby's nibbling, while it was not climactic, did serve as a wonderful preface to intercourse with my husband.

One night, while the baby was sleeping, and Walter and I were catching up on our reading in front of the fireplace, the doorbell rang. It was Danny and his wife Rochelle. They were two of our swinging friends, and had partied with us during my pregnancy.

After we exclaimed over their baby gift, and Walter had brought out photographs of the baby—including several Polaroid nursing pictures that both of them studied carefully—I offered coffee and cake.

"As a matter of fact, Sandy, we've brought along our own cookies," said Rochelle. She dug into her cavernous pocketbook and came up with a box of chocolate chip cookies.

Danny spoke up: "Remember the last party we were at together, Walt? You promised a taste of Sandy's milk to anyone who brought their own cookies. We've both waited a long time to take you up on that offer. So, if you really meant it, here we are!"

There was a silence, while everyone looked at me . . . including Walter. He obviously wasn't sure how I would take this request: I knew he had only been joking about sharing my milk.

Shelly broke the silence: "Sandy, Danny has had a particular fantasy about being nursed with real mother's milk for as long as I've known him. He begged me to nurse our boys, but I couldn't be bothered. To tell you the truth, I would love to taste some of that milk from your gorgeous boobs myself. But if you'd rather forget the whole thing, we'll understand . . ."

The whole thing was amusing. But it had obviously taken some courage for our friends to express their desires, so I hastened to put them at ease.

"A promise is a promise, friends. Besides, I have a lot of excess milk right now. You'll be doing *me* a favor . . ."

I sat down on the couch and unbuttoned my blouse. Then I unhooked the front panel on one side of my nursing bra.

"Chocolate or vanilla, Danny! Take your pick!"

His eagerness was as flattering as Hillary's. Wordlessly, my six-foot-tall friend sat down next to me, bending his head over my exposed breast. Without thinking, I put my arms around him, cradled him in the nursing position, and lifted my breast to his open mouth.

Tentatively, under the watchful eyes of his wife and my husband, Danny began to suck. As his sucks became more forceful, I could feel the milk coming down. His eyes were closed now, and he was really getting into it, making small moaning sounds.

I was really getting into it too. Walter had never suckled me this enthusiastically, and I could feel my panties getting wet. I felt for Danny's cock, and found it straining against his pants' zipper. But he made no move to do anything other than nurse.

Someone was opening the panel on the other side of my nursing bra, freeing the other breast. It was Rochelle. She whispered in my ear: "Do you mind?" Encountering no resistence, she began to suck too. I circled my arm around her, and soon was holding both husband and wife to my breasts like a pair of hungry twins.

One climax followed another for me. Somewhere in the midst of the whole thing Walter also got into the act and began to lick and suck Shelly's breasts as she continued to suck mine.

I opened my eyes. Danny had a glazed look on his face, and Shelly too looked far away. I realized that both of them were experiencing the satisfaction of fulfilling a deep fantasy which they must have discussed together many times.

Later, over coffee and cake, Danny related that his mother had nursed him, but added: "Of course, I have no conscious memory of that, but I've often wondered what it felt like to have that wonderful, warm milk come down into my throat. And now I know. I've also wondered what it might have felt like for my mother. I can only project about her feelings, but it's great to think I could have given her even a measure of the pleasure you obviously take from nursing. What a fabulous turn on!"

Shelly smiled: "Danny has an unresolved Oedipus complex. So this experience was therapeutic for him. As for me, I just gave myself up to the fantasy of being safe and secure with mommy for a few beautiful moments. I can't thank you enough, Sandy, for sharing Hillary's milk with us!"

Several weeks later, Walter and I and Danny and Rochelle drove up to a nearby resort hotel for a weekend with other swingers. It was my first time away from the baby. I knew she would be fine: her doting grandparents had been left with a good supply of my milk, and Hillary was also used to an occasional supplimental bottle of formula.

After we reached the hotel, checked in amid greetings all around, and began to unpack, I took my little breast pump into the bathroom. I had managed to fill a paper cup to the top with my milk and was feeling much better by the time Danny and Rochelle picked us up to go to dinner.

In the lobby, we were stopped by some friends. "Shelly. You look great, motherhood certainly agrees with you!" It was Arthur, an attorney we had met at another weekend. He was followed by his petite, red-headed wife, Naomi.

Arthur was definitely a breast man. He didn't try to hide this fetish as he stared directly at the two objects of his interest, which happened to belong to me.

"I see you've gotten even larger since you had your baby, Sandy," Arthur said wistfully. "Wish it had happened to Naomi. I think she got smaller from having our offspring."

"Those fabulous boobs you're staring at are not only good-looking, they're also functional!" said helpful Danny.

Walter chimed in: "Sandy's nursing our baby, Art. That's why her breasts have stayed so large and full."

"My god, Sandy, that's fantastic!" Naomi exclaimed, pulling herself away from a conversation with two other couples, who were now also listening to this exchange. "You have no idea how this husband of mine nagged me to nurse everytime I became pregnant. I don't think he's ever forgiven me for refusing. Tasting mother's milk is one of his great fantasies."

"All right, Arthur," I laughed, "You're about to fulfill a fantasy. If you're a very good boy and eat all your dinner, I'll let you come to my room later and have some boobie milk for dessert."

"Do I have to wait, Sandy? I'm really not hungry at all. Let's go now!"

He took my arm and started to pull me down the hall. Everyone laughed heartily. But I could tell he wasn't kidding.

"Later, Arthur. You may not be hungry, but I'm starving. Nursing mothers need plenty of good nutrition. Let's go to dinner and discuss this further . . ."

As dessert was ordered, Walt recited his "cookies and milk" number, and every man at the table and a few of the women—began to wrap squares of cake in napkins "for later."

The long drive and good food had tired me more than I realized. Arthur and a few of the others looked disappointed when I said I was going in for a short nap, but promised I'd meet them all at the pool in an hour.

Two hours later I woke up refreshed and ready for a swim and whatever else the night held in store. My milk had come in again, but I decided to ignore it for the moment, since I didn't have the patience to use my breast pump again.

Our dinner companions were already in the water when we arrived—splashing around and enjoying the freedom of being able to swim nude in an indoor heated pool.

I dove into the water quickly to avoid the first cool sensation, then surfaced. As I wiped the water from my eyes, I noticed that there was a circle of people around me.

Walter swam over and lifted me up slightly so that I was sitting up with my breasts above the line of the water.

"Okay, friends," he said. "Who's first for a little taste of boobie milk?!"

Arthur almost drowned in his eagerness to be first. I couldn't believe it, but he was still clutching a piece of soggy cake wrapped in a soggy napkin. He bent over me and began to suck vigorously.

"Hey, I'm not getting any milk," he said in a little boy's voice.

I instructed him on the right way to suck in order to bring the milk down, and he soon succeeded.

As he sucked me, with dozens of pairs of fascinated eyes watching us from in and around the pool, I became aware of one particular man staring at the scene from the shallow end of the water. I noticed at a glance that he was young, tall, blonde, and very good-looking. But the thing that caught my eye was the expression on his face: I had seen that same hungry look on Hillary's face countless times, just before she began to nuzzle and root for the nipple.

For an instant, my eyes met and held the stranger's. Then I felt Arthur being pulled away from me, and two other acquaintances attached themselves to my mammaries: a stocky, middle-aged man and a very pretty black girl. For some reason, though, I had a strong desire at that moment to nurse the hungry-eyed stranger.

"Hi, come on over!" I called to him, smiling. To my amazement, instead of rushing over as I expected, he panicked. He backed away—right out of the pool, stopped to quickly wrap a large towel around his middle, and then disappeared.

No one else had noticed this exchange, I realized, tuning in to what was happening in the pool. I noticed with amusement that two small lines had formed in front of each of my breasts. On the edge of the pool, a pleasant grey-haired man was consulting his stopwatch and letting each person know when their time was up.

The hour or so I spent in the pool was one of the most fantastic experiences of my life, and all weekend everyone talked about "that incredible scene in the pool." At the same time I was being suckled *en masse*, couples and threesomes and foursomes were getting it on in different combinations all over the pool. In the soft half-light of the pool room, this activity along with the moaning and groaning sound effects, made the scene almost surrealistic. There was a beautiful feeling of togetherness that night, a coming together in every sense of the word, and I knew that the communal sharing of my mother's milk had played a part in creating that rare mood.

All those eager "babies" competing for and lapping up the milk from my full breasts had given me an appetite for sex such as I had never had before. And I felt like the incarnation of Mother Nature when some of my "babies" really got into their fantasies and begged me to hold and sing lullabies to them while they nursed.

At the parties Walter and I went to after the pool, I had several such requests, and I was always happy to comply.

Over the next few months, I continued to nurse my baby, my husband, and, from time to time, one or more of my close friends. When the time finally came—all too soon—to wean Hillary, I felt as though I was weaning *all* my loving babies. And I experienced quite a few pangs of regret for no longer being able to express my love of my friends in that particular way.

Happily, it isn't all over for me. Every once in a while, at a swinging party, an old friend or a new lover will begin by sucking at my breasts. And as they do, there are times when a drop or two of milk—like a gentle ghost from the past—will flow out of me into their sweet, moving lips. When that happens, I always smile to myself, remembering my experiences as a nursing mother, and enjoying memories of things that doctors can't—or won't ever tell you about nursing.

ROCK WORLD

(Continued from page 13)

himself as that very bass player. Well, I think the girl set the record for a quarter-mile as she took off from Trax.

Later the same evening, I was sitting with some members of another rock group,whose name I was asked not to mention. The group was just sitting around, having some drinks when this gorgeous blonde walked up to the table. She stood there for a minute staring at the bassist (great night for bassists) and then asked if he was the member with the biggest cock. Everyone was a little shocked, but just as a joke he said, "Yes."

Again she stood there, comtemplative, then popped the big question, "Could I give you head?" Everyone at the table let out little giggles, but the girl was adamant and stood her ground. Finally, the guy got up and took off for the bathroom with the blonde. That's when the melee started. He had taken two of his roadies to the WC with him to keep the door closed while he got sucked off. But while they were guarding the door, someone actually wanted to use the bathroom. A fight ensued, and for once the roadies got the shit beat out of them. We were all asked to leave the club.

The next night, however, we shared a *deja-vu*. The same crowd of us were sitting around Trax and guess who strolls up—why, the same blonde bitch, of course—and with the same damned question! Only this time the bass player's answer was to throw a drink in her face.

As for Led Zep juice, I can only relate two tales. One, while at a certain club, I saw Jimmy Page disappear into the bathroom with four women. I haven't the slightest idea what went on (sigh). The other was told to me by someone on the West Coast. Seems the burly Mister Bonham ordered a pool table up to his hotel room. Displeased with some facet of the game, he proceeded to throw the entire table out of the window,along with all the furniture and trappings in the room. He then called the manager of the hotel and demanded to know why he was given an empty room. I was told that when the manager looked out the window and saw everything smashed below, he added something to it—his own puke. Isn't rock fun?

The next concert I attended was the mysterious Pink Floyd. Since their music is steeped in the bizarre, it only stands to reason that the show would be strange. Being that they were promoting the album "Animals" (Columbia Records) on tour, they brought their forty-foot pig balloon and floated him in Central Park. The show was brilliant and very scary but, in the park, the pig kept floating to the ground. While playing "Welcome to the Machine" at Madison Square Garden, these eyes came seemingly from nowhere and stared down at the dope-boggled crowd. Then,during another number,animals started floating around the top of the garden, followed by what seemed to be giant people floating in their place. An incredibly eerie light show. The music was just right to scare the shit out of you, and there was, though it was the Fourth of July, no need for fireworks. The crowd was mesmerized, and if you get a chance to see Pink Floyd, so will you be, too.

From the dangerous city of Detroit comes Sirius Trixon and his Motor City Bad Boys. Sirius, being one of the great Punk originals, and I are quite chummy, if you get my drift, so I was a happy honey when he told me he was getting married. Happy for him, indeed. The wedding was to take place at Max's Kansas City where both Sirius and Marshimellow (his Intended) were performing. The band played kick-ass rock and roll, and Sirius and Marshimellow gave each other vows and tied the knot. Various members of several bands were there including representatives of the magnificent Dictators, the Patti Smith group, Neon Leon, the Runaways and one asshole from another band.

I guess there's always a prick in every crowd and this guy was it. In the dressing room, while pictures were being taken, this creep rips his pants and starts showing everyone his teenie weenie—as if any cared. Sirius, in the glory of his marriage, however, didn't like it one bit and proceeded to beat the fucking piss out of the dude. Twice in one night.

Well, Sirius, I wish you the best of luck . . . I love ya.

Now for next month. I promise an interview with Debbie Harry, ultra-gorgeous sex symbol and lead singer for Blondie. Oh, yes. And since you've all been waiting for mention of my tits, here it is: My Big Fucking Tits! Yaaaahhhhhhhhh!

Ta for now, Cheri

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

(Continued from page 27)

dry because I promptly received a note from B & G returning my money order with regrets that "We are sorry but due to circumstances beyond our control at this time we cannot fill your order."

What was the mystery? Did the Princess elope with the Earl of Enemas? Was the company busted? Nobody's sure, but at least the vast legions of golden shower aficionados can save time by holding off your letters to this destination until their furry fountain is functioning once again.

Bye for now!

***

cheri
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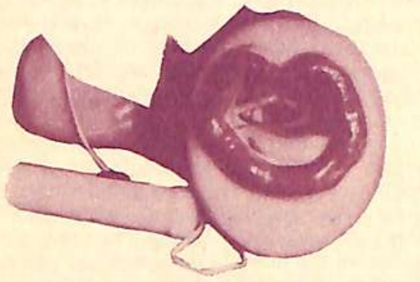

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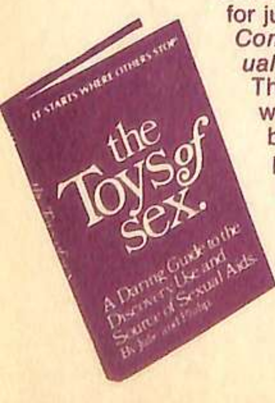
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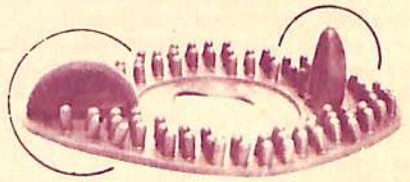

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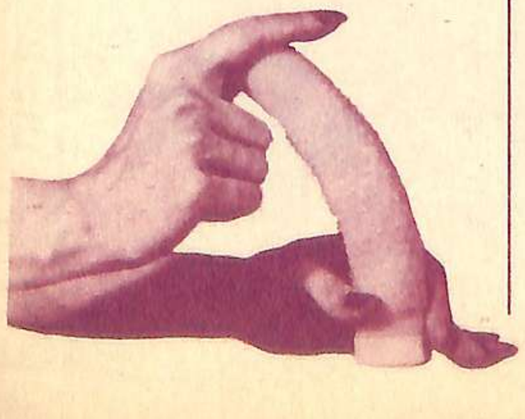

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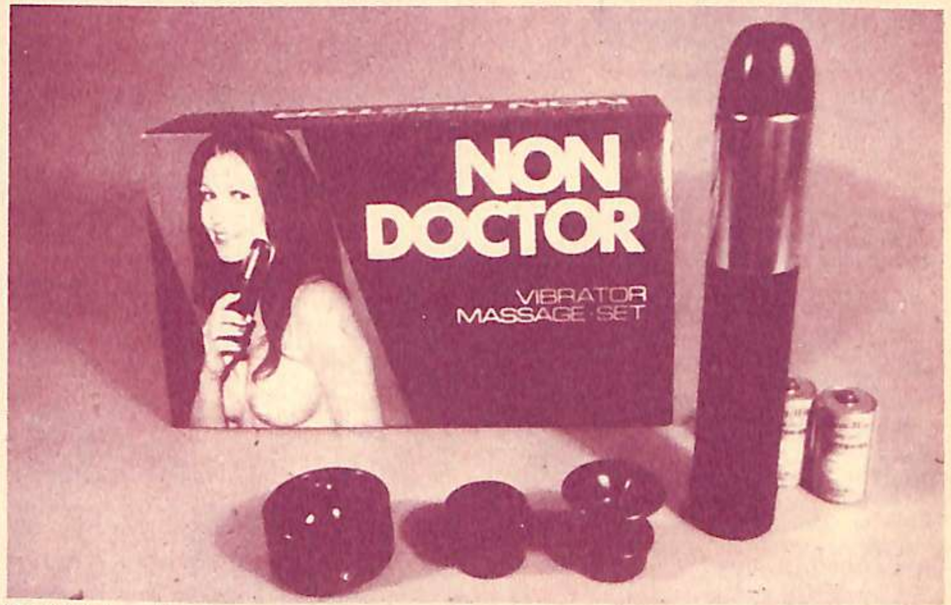

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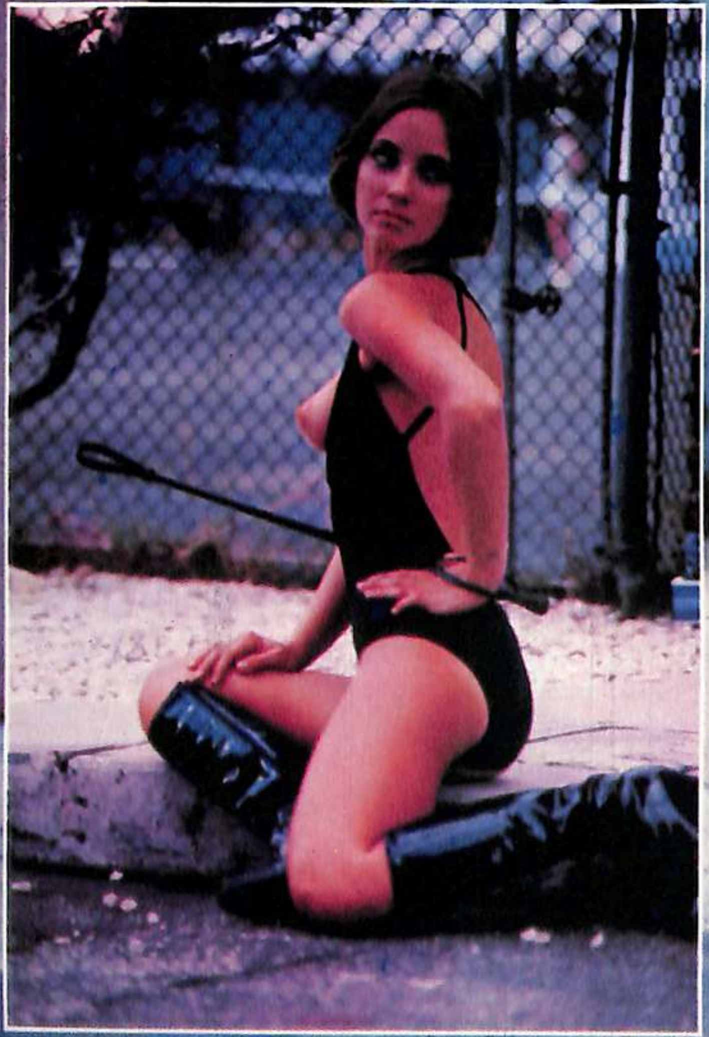
KROOL KOOL

THE FORT LAUDERDALE FLOGSTRESS

Interview by Hazel Gravy

All the diddling with our twats and fucking around with our noses ceased when we received these photographs in the mail. Along with them came a light-blue bedsheet, silkscreened with a photo of this woman, five-feet high, wearing a cockleshell-studded mask, meaty nyloned thighs, radiating waves of authority. If Gucci manufactured slave apparel we couldn't have

Photos by "T"

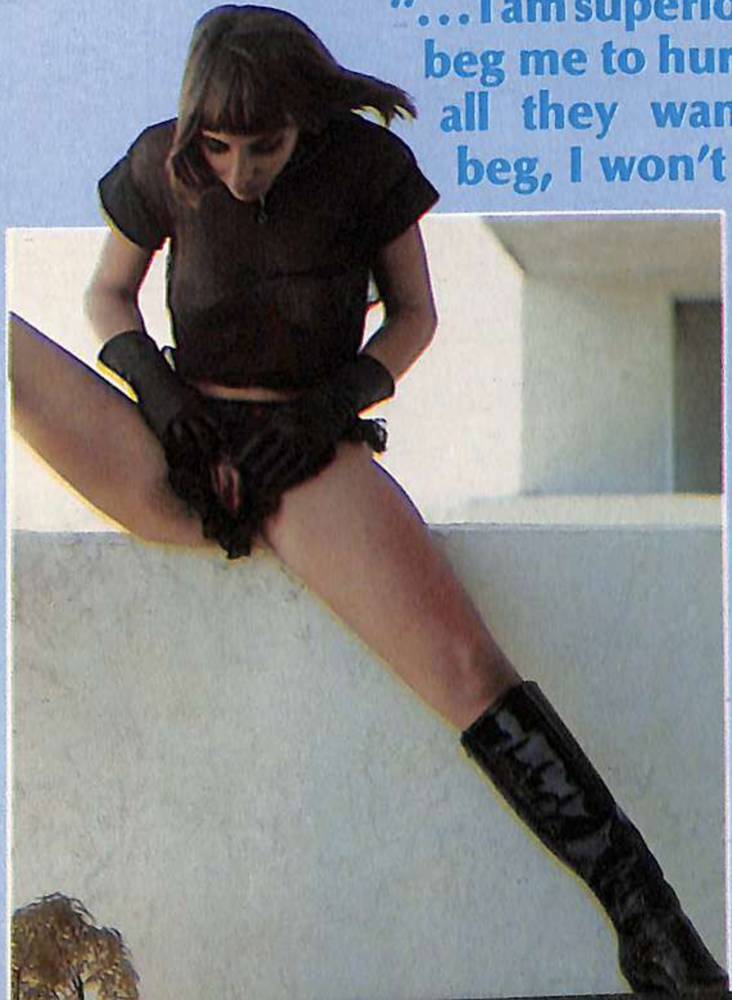


"Krool got her best training as a dominant in school, taught by a nun . . . nothing in the whole world can beat a nun with a yardstick and good knuckles . . ."

EROTIC ART OF THE MAST

been more properly cowed. Also included in the package was a sheet of paper, sticky with wet pussy hair, inscribed delicately, "Scratch 'n Sniff." By the time it was passed to me by these animals I work with, all that was left was a tatter suitable for a kitty box, and all I could smell was hot breath and bamboo shoots. We fought over these priceless goodies, even "Scotch"-taped the sheet up on our chinese-food-and-semen-stained re-

". . . I am superior to men. . . . They must beg me to hurt them, they can cry all they want, but until they beg, I won't oblige them . . ."



"The roles of pain and pleasure are almost always paradoxical; if you understand one, you understand the other . . ."

ception wall, but some palsied laid-out layout man from our art department finally stole and sodomized it. He later sneaked it out in a manila envelope.

The lady's name is Krool Kool. She can be krool. Or she can be kool, depending on her mood, or the time of day. The photos are the result of the collaboration of Krool and her sidekick, "T." (he's trying to come up with a last name, but so far he's temporarily settled for "Magnum"). I suggested "Hee" when I spoke to him over the phone, but that was before it dawned on me that T-Magnum and Krool are the solitary

(Continued on page 92)

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 24)

shows, with a birthday party for Jerry the Gorilla and his friends from Gibbstown, New Jersey. His party included Tedward, (who kept remarking on my Tender Loving Pussy) Hondo, Julio and Gazoo. A few feathers were scattered on the stage floor, so I incorporated them into the routine. I laid them on my puss and blew them out to Jerry, who caught them with his teeth. I don't, however, advise catching my ping-pong balls with your teeth, unless you need free root-canal work. My pussyburger will rot your teeth out, too.

Another guy named Jerry was there with his friend, Tim the Tiger. Jerry startled me by actually *eating* one of my pussyburgers. I always tell people not to eat them in front of me, as it makes me throw up. Jerry said Tim the Tiger gave him five dollars to eat the sandwich, but that he would have eaten it anyway. Tim the Tiger said he is an avid CHERI reader.

Guy, a former employee of the Aquarius, showed up and I gave him a pussyburger for old times sake. A man named Hyme was in the lobby looking at dildos. He said he wanted to buy one for his wife, but couldn't find one big enough.

George smoked a cigarette after my puss puffed on it. Be careful of my cigarettes. Sometimes a crab is on the end of it and bites your finger. Those cigarettes are hazardous in many ways. Especially when the hot ashes drop on my hemorrhoids. One thing I'll never have to worry about is Cancer—no germ could ever survive in my puss. My puss is a real killer. I love to tell my friends the story about how I knocked a man out once. I did it by spreading my legs and letting him smell my puss. I warn people not to get too close to my puss, as the smell of it alone is enough to knock them out.

Rich, Joe and Jim livened up the audience. I lost some of my notes during the confusion of the arrest, with the police taking my stage supplies and all. I had a very hectic week: running to Polly Brothers in Philadelphia for ping pong balls, going out for supplies, giving interviews to newspapers, (Roger Filardo wrote a fantastic article about me in the Gloucester County Times, Sunday, March 13) and trying to do all this during breaks in between shows. I take pride in being punctual for my shows.

The night of my arrest I missed the 10 pm show because I was at the police headquarters, but not one person asked for their money back. The standing-room-only crowd all received passes to get back in when I returned. The manager's wife is a stunning dancer named Misty Carter, and she really knows how to handle a crowd. The other dancers Bobbi, Shauna and Scarlet Rose were very good and gave the audience their money's worth. The incomparable Shauna from Cleveland filled in for me that night. She had been visiting Scarlet Rose, who has a fantastic act at Mickey Finn's nightclub in Cleveland when she is not traveling. I'll tell you a juicy story in the November issue of CHERI about how we all went on the *Gary Dee Radio Show* in Cleveland.

I'm sorry I didn't get time to visit Chaddy and the gang at Highland Tavern, or Jim Daly at Daly's Bar, or to see the folks at Joe's No. 2 Diner. I hope to make all these stops soon. My case is before the Grand Jury now, and if they decide to have a jury trial, I'll go to Gloucester early to visit everyone before I go to court again.

It was the first time I've ever been arrested that I didn't go behind bars. A really high-class arrest done in style! They even sent a police matron, Mrs. Schuck, into my dressing room. She watched me dress after my show. I rode in a car to police headquarters with Mrs. Schuck and three policemen, while Dominick and Tony rode in another car.

Dominick and Tony posted $5,000 bail—and I can't even remember being handcuffed! At the preliminary hearing I met the distinguished Sam Asbell, and Beatrice Smith, the pretty court recorder. Judge Howard Gleanor seemed a good-hearted person with an open mind. I listened to several traffic and robbery cases, and I thought he handled them quite well.

My attorney, Leonard Cinaglio, teaches law at Camden County College. Perhaps my case will be discussed in his classroom. I gave him a copy of the court transcript of my case in Superior Court in Philadelphia, in which the beautiful judge Lisa Richette "quashed" my case. Jude Richette very wisely pointed out the difference of "open lewdness as appearing in the street or public place, as opposed to being behind closed doors in a privately owned building where only adults may enter, and must pay an admission price to get in."

The entire case is ridiculous. My position is that I am a professional comedienne, and in the court the arresting officer even testified that the audience laughed throughout my entire act. To be charged with "debauching the morals" of the community is a laugh. ME? Little ole Honeysuckle? I bet men get more hard-ons just watching a girl walk down the street in hot pants than they do watching my act. I am known more as a sexual turn-off than a turn-on. I'd like to publicly ask that prosecutor if he could get a hard-on watching my act.

I want to thank Stanley, the darling man who drives the girls back and forth to work at the Aquarius, and Tony's wife and son Bobby, who gave me moral support during it all. I want to cuss out the lightman who messed up my show by putting a narrow pinpoint of light on me. He left the stage in total darkness, so I couldn't make use of my supplies. What's worse, I had to pop my ping-pong balls out into the dark. I also want to thank the manager, Al, for getting more light bulbs, it helped. Lastly, I want to thank Tony and Dominick for contributing to the Victoria Woodhull Foundation, closely associated with Coyote, The National Hookers Organization.

Margo St. James wrote and told me 500 hookers were recently arrested in one month in San Francisco, so I'm sure the money was used for a good cause.

Bye for now—and remember—Honeysuckle *never* farts in church.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 25)

My own anal experiences had more to do with things going *in* than with things coming out. My Master had the largest cock in the world and he had to prepare me to receive it in my ass. He trained me by making me wear a dildo, to be replaced with successively larger ones until I was ready for his magnificance. While I wore the dildo, I would have to be serving him in some way, sewing his clothes, sucking his cock, etc. Once, he tied me stomach-down over the top of his desk and shoved one dildo in my ass and another one in my mouth while he whipped me, forbidding me, on pain of unthinkable torture, to lose either one.

Finally, the big moment came, and he stuck his own mammoth organ in. He told me all the while that he was going to train me to feel empty whenever he was not in me.

Another time, he made me get on all fours while he shoved a candle up my anus. He lit it and ordered me to hold it upright with my asshole. As the wax started melting and dripping onto my sensitive skin, I jerked, causing the candle to fall. Of course I was thrashed for that one.

When I worked at the House of Dominance, men would give me enemas. Some liked to have me laying across their laps while they administered it. My favorite customer would make me lie flat on my back so he could see my belly swelling. He said he liked to fill a woman until she looked like she was pregnant. He would tell me to imagine pins sticking into my belly. He was so suggestive that I would cry in pain. He really loved it and came to my cries.

Well, freaks, that ought to hold you for a month. Remember, you all have assholes, whatever else you may lack. So *use* them.

Ragtime (a period piece)

PHOTOS BY PAT SAVAGE

Most men don't know the joys of being a woman. Most women aren't sure there are that many joys, at least during that once-a-month hangover from the good times between-times. We're talking about menstruation, of course, that feminine condition shrouded in mystery and, yes, *Fear*.

Fear on the pubescent girl's part when she discovers that somewhere her plumbing has sprung a leak, and that the stream of blood running down the inside of her leg was discovered first by the boys in her swimming class, and not by the girls in the locker room.

Long a factor in aboriginal rites of womanhood, menstruation often was considered not only "dirty," but impure and unholy as well. Women having their period were wasted in seclusion in grass shacks and caves while the guys chased down animals on the steppe and tundra. Many modern orthodox sects have not forgotten these early lessons learned before men were "enlightened."

Others, however, get their rocks off, as do liberated women who see nothing obscene with having their period. And well they shouldn't. After all, menstruation *is* a *natural thing*. Even rags are commonly advertised on television and development funds for increasingly comfortable rags are burgeoning.

"Only Women Bleed"
is a song
written by a man
who never
went to war.

PHOTOS BY PATRICIA SAVAGE

Menstruation is just one of the joys of being a woman. Aren't you glad you're a man?

Throwback songs like "Only Women Bleed" don't take into consideration masculine activities like Vietnam, Rhodesia and Northern Ireland, where men bleed, too. Menstruation thus becomes the focal point of a new political stance. Before you know it, men as well as women will be getting off on periods, i.e., Harmless Bleeding.

That's why we've chosen to bring you these candid photos of that once mysterious process known only to women behind closed doors of outhouses and dime toilets in dirty bus stations. Stick with us, and next time we'll turn you on to more mysteries. Meanwhile, ask your girlfriend to explain more fully the *hows* and *whys*. No need to be in the dark forever.

Mistress Vickie

(Continued from page 23)

me about the "whips and chain campaign". This extreme concept of B & D is shared by many novices who are, therefore, afraid to embark on this adventure. There are definitely extremes in many directions involved with B & D. Only you and your mate can draw the line. The limits are not the same for everyone, nor are the fetishes. I would say there are not many persons who could handle *Marquis de Sade*'s advice as a novice, nor as a tyro.

Another question frequently asked is, "How do you know how far to go, when to stop, how do you determine how much is enough?"

All of these questions and many more have compelled me to write my book. Actually, it concerns the very basics for indoctrinating persons into B & D. I will soon be writing another book, *B & D CAUSE AND EFFECTS*, which will relate with B & D and actual sessions. It will be more heavily involved for those who are inexperienced. However, it is my intention to allow society to be knowledgeable of the fact that B & D does exist in every walk of life. Individuals who are interested in B & D and S & M activities should not self-persecute nor label themselves perverted. Those who dare to seek out their fantasies are, by far, the more fortunate ones, in that they are being true to themselves and their desires.

I shall be writing a monthly column concerning my many exciting and erotic sessions in the August and September issues, as appeared in May. The B & D arts have a large variety of interests; all are very exciting and quite stimulating. Your imagination is the only limit.

I consider myself very fortunate because I understand my emotions and my slaves' feelings, and I dare to act them out within reality. For example, a criminal court judge who cannot handle a serious case, because of the emotional involvement of family and friends, has come to me asking for his punishment before giving the final sentence on possible death. His punishment is a severe whipping.

It is understanding another person's needs and motives that make for a truly aggressive woman. I do not act out a session because if my head is not in it, neither am I. If you are interested in what my sessions are like, you may readabout them in following issues of *CHERI*.

I have my own national B & D society, *Miss Vickie's B & D Society*, which consists of a monthly issue containing true stories with photos, *Talk to Me* and *Frankly Speaking* columns, which allow you to discuss your feelings and interests with readers in one, and in the other to obtain advice from me. Also included is an Erotic Idea of the Month. I will be traveling frequently and will be offering a B & D Social in various parts of the country, where we may be introduced, and where you may meet others with similar interests. There will be many exciting events taking place here. The Social will take place in the comfortable atmosphere of a reputable hotel ballroom or suite, with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. I will be giving pertinent information within the Society's personal newsletter to you.

If you desire to obtain my book ($9.98 † 75¢ handling) or join the Society, (send $2.00 for mail handling, brochure and photos). You may do so by sending your orders to Miss Vickie, Post Office Box 76011, Atlanta, Georgia 30328.

I'm very interested in your reactions and letters. Feel free to write me c/o CHERI.

KROOL KOOL

(Continued from page 85)

mavens of a Ft. Lauderdale bohemia cult, and as such, are entitled to weird names. They both own and operate the Full Moon Cinema, a combination art gallery and theater, that is "The only place within 45 miles where people can see movies like Fellini, Marat Sade, Last Tango, and Frank Zappa." Unfortunately, their other business interests may call for the demise of the theater. Take another look at those legs. Besides marketing the silk-screened bedsheets, operating the theater, and riding her chopper with local motorcycle geeks around town, Krool is—get this—the chairman on the board at a mortgage bank in the area. She's 23 years old, and she means business. You don't catch a woman like this slicing up onions with her Vega-matic, or cleaning her toenails with a Swiss army knife.

"T" is one of those people who speak with 30 mile-per-hour winds in blowsy rhapsody, through gills imbedded in his neck. He told me that Krool went to a Catholic school for 12 years, losing her virginity at seventeen to a priest with an aura around his head. She remembers it distinctly because it was a Good Friday. "T" gushes on to eulogize those poignant years. "You know man, a Catholic education is an invaluable experience, sexually . . . I mean, I know for a fact that Krool got her best training as a dominant in school, taught by a nun . . . nothing in the whole world can beat a nun with a yardstick and good knuckles. They're the best."

These photographs are apparently based on a book called "Venus In Furs" by Von Masoch, the Edison of masochism. "T" feels that masochism is suffering from a slump on the market these days, and that he and Krool are here to bring it back in vogue. Not that *Vogue* would dare publish it. They think a crop is a rare strain of '50s haircuts for aging fairies.

One sunny Sunday found Krool and "T" cruising down a boulevard called Las Oles, a chic Fifth Avenue number, or as "T" would put it, "The shopping mart for the ruling class in Lauderdale." They pulled up in front of a fur store in Krool's Mercedes-Benz, with the "I voted for Jimmy" sticker still on the bumper . . .

"I could just see Krool in the store window," said "T". "So we formulated a plan. She went in alone in cut-off jeans, halter top, with her sweet nips popping out; she looked real hot. I mean, she raised a lot of eyebrows in there. She went up to the owner and arranged the whole thing. She told him she wanted to do some modeling for *French Vogue, Harpers, Town & Country* . . . it didn't matter what she said, this guy wasn't even listening."

This was no time for ordinary words, he just said 'yes'. He took her in the back and showed her fourty or fifty $250,000 mink coats, mumbling "Try on any one of them you want."

Krool stripped right away, slipping with ease into a role most women can "relate" to: nude under a $7,000 mountain of mink, whip in hand, furtive eyes abounding. The furrier was polite and deferential, helping her in and out of his most expensive coats. He placed himself in a position where he could constantly observe everything through the three-way mirrors.

What about the people looking through the window?

"That was really interesting . . . the shoppers strolling by looked in, but didn't hang around, they just glanced in and kept walking . . . I personally think they were a little frightened."

"T" and Krool drank a few bottles of Suave Bolla, shot a load of "unmentionables" and then, "Krool informed the owner that she planned to take a few jackets outside the store . . . he said 'Sure, take any jacket you want.' Hell, we could've grabbed a couple of furs, jumped in the car, and drove off. That wasn't our intention, but that's how dazed the guy was. . . . So we went outside and shot a few in the Benz, which attracted a few curiosity seekers. We don't like to work with people watching, unless we can get a shot of them in the background with lust in their eyes . . . Then she got in the window, and I shot from the sidewalk and street, in the middle of the bicycles and traffic whizzing by . . . but the people were pretty cool, and Krool and I have a good relationship with the cops around here. . . ."

At this point I asked "T"to have her send me a letter; two days later / received it, cursory script with multi-colored lips drawn all over the envelope, sailboats, and stick-figure men with hard-ons. There was even a detailed list of 8x10 aerial photographs included, of crops, whips, chains, paddles and cat-0-nines.

"I love elegance above all else—yachts, mansions, slaves . . . and MYSELF! I know, especially when I dance in front of a mirror, that I am no ordinary woman, I am superior to men. If I want to do something, I do it. I don't have any regard for them. Men always want to be hurt, they understand the pain principle so well. They must beg me to hurt them, they can cry all they want, but until they beg, I won't oblige them. There are few people who know the art of living, the art being in the role you play. The roles of pain and pleasure are almost always paradoxical; if you understand one, you understand the other. . . .

"I am proud of who I voted for. I'd love to meet Jimmy Carter . . . you can't tell me that he doesn't adore women of all types and ages. This is the first President in history who admits he's horny as hell. I'd love to meet him, but I'm afraid I would put him down on his knees. I'd harness those beaver teeth in ropes and he'd squirm in delight . . . meanwhile Rosalyn gets stuck in traffic on citybusses

"I'm a natural born tease . . . what about you, Hazel?

Well, Krool, I'm a nasty drunk with an adrogynous body—Irish to the waist, Italian from the waist down. I'm Aquarius, which means that I'm in pain ALL THE TIME, but at least I make gravy wherever I go.

If you'd like to rest your thighs on one of Krool's erotic sheets, she'll send you a queen-sized 180-count percale sheet printed in two colors (red on a sheet, printed in black). There are others, and a graphic brochure will explain the lust available from "Sex-Bi-Kool." Brochures are $2.00 each. Queen-sized sheets are $25 each. Write to Krool Kool, Box 742, Pompano Beach, Florida.

DISNEYLAND DOLL

. . . Disneyland! That's like walking into Miss Grimble's store and discovering Long Jeanne Silver at the cash register.

PHOTOS BY HAYWOOD YORK

All the world's a CHERI-land. . . . The girl you see next door might be our next centerfold.

Some guys have all the pluck. Or is it wisdom? Haywood York might have both—including a system . . . a way of finding models unlike any other we have ever known.

Howard pays "finders" to find him likely young women who will pose for his risque photographic sessions; and among them are many young men and women who work the wonderful walks of Disneyland. What a lovely place to be discovered! It sure beats Times Square, or Main Street, or a nude beach, where *anyone* could be considered fair game. But Disneyland! That's like walking into Miss Grimble's store and discovering Long Jeanne Silver at the cash register.

Maureen, which is not her real name (as per her request) was referred to Haywood by one of his Fantasyland helpers. Believe it or not, she's heavy into Jesus, and Haywood tells us that besides her affinity for the Christian cause, she also plays an excellent flute.

You wouldn't
believe that
a girl could love
both Christ
and sex
so much . . .

"She's the kind of girl you'll find in church on Sunday morning and Monday and Wednesday nights, as well." She plays flute for the church choir, and has appeared on several television specials in the Los Angeles area.

"She also loves sex," he says. "You wouldn't believe that a girl—she's 19, actually—could love both Christ and sex so much, but she does."

Well, Haywood, after finding out how you find your girls, we would believe anything. And why not? When our own Honeysuckle Divine belonged—if only briefly—to the One World Light Church, there's no reason to think that even our publisher won't one day be Saved, as it were (at least from herself).

As for you out there, remember, "All the world's a CHERI-land. The girl *you* see next door might be *our* next centerfold."

Torture Factory

(Continued from page 69)

But a little sadism is a dangerous thing—you just want more and more. I tried gagging my Twink with masking tape, but he started to lose lunch, and I knew I'd gone too far. I slipped on a dog leash and led him to the packing table, which I covered with black rubber sheets—I mean, why not do it all?

Then he started being a real smart-ass, probably realizing that the next act was not in his best interests, and I had to get one of the workers to help me with the iron leg-spreaders. His cock was trapped! There was no way at all he could get uppity, but for good measure I threw on a neck to wrist restraint that was lying on a handy shelf.

At that tender moment Art Hamilton strolled in. Art wrote a strange little volume called *The Complete Enema Guide*, which makes him invaluable in his position of Supervisor to the Plastic, Rubber and Lotion Department here at the Pleasure Chest. He told me that I shouldn't overlook the enema bags in aisle #6, right next to the 10-inch dildos. I wonder what *he* uses to get himself off?

The worker who helped me tie up Twink fastened a "Universal Harness" around my hips, attaching a luscious, springy pink dildo, cocked at the right angle for its bad-ass work. "Suck my cock!" I sneered, jabbing him with my 5-inch heel. I'll tell you, this dominance stuff is real fun. I slapped his face with my new extension, then rolled him over, butt high. Vaseline appeared magically and, cock well greased, I plunged right in. Take that! 3 inches . . . 4, 6 then 7! But the beast really liked it, dammit, so I had to quit. I allowed him to lay around modeling the "7 Gates to Hell." I mean, isn't it just too gorgeous?

Then I got a taste of my own torture as he manipulated me into wrist and thigh restraints, and had me rolling around the rubber table like a trussed-up seal. That's what's such a turn-on with this scene—you're completely out of control. He had me at his mercy, and it was irresistable. It's one of the basic facts of human nature, I guess, to go as far as you can when there's no way you can be stopped.

But damn, it is uncomfortable. Twink snapped on a dog collar with wrist chains, making things even more snug. The straps around my thighs were tight as hell, but he had a long, red welt across his ribcage—so how could I complain?

The brute slipped his cock into my mouth. That felt so good I didn't notice his hand had slunk around behind me with the "Rubber Slapper," giving me a hard one on the tush. What a sting—but look, Ma, no marks! Then he turned me over, pushing my nose into the rubber sheet, while he fooled around with a tasty assortment of dildos, dancing eggs, leather labia spreaders and an especially tasty licorice lubricant. (How could we have lived this long without these essentials?)

Of course we didn't get into any of the heavy stuff. Tit clamps, for one thing, exert a hard bite, and there's no way to adjust them. Hardcore pain enthusiasts may be crazy about them—but not this baby. The Pleasure Chest Catalogue (of course we kept rummaging through to see if we'd missed anything) also features 4 and 8 ounce nipple weights if you're really after Modigliani mammaries. Men can suffer in style with a "ball-collar" one hangs weights from, or even, in radical instances, a full boot. Uppity slaves can be brought back into line with the use of a cattle prod—guaranteed to be a hair-raising experience. And not only sexually. One wild driver we know keeps one in his car, to ward off criticism when enraged drivers pull alongside to complain.

Once I was free, we worked our way up and down the aisles, tots in toyland looking for that last turn-on. Rummaging through the so-called 'straight' gadgets brought delight after delight, and I got so juicy that Twink threw me down on the work-table and whipped me good with the crop. He was still wearing that delicious "7 Gates to Hell" and I wore only a leather bra and crotchless panties, designed for easy entrance, and in no time at all we were so hot that the studs on the table didn't bother us at all. Coming, we knocked over a few glue pots, but nobody minded; and afterwards, as we brushed off the sawdust, Bill Rifkin gave us a final whirl through the showroom. An entire wall was filled with powders, goo, stay-up pills and Emotion Lotion. Another featured a T-shirt with a hanging enema bag and the caption, "What's your bag?" Uh . . . maybe you had to be there. And we were!

If you're really into leather, you probably know all about the Pleasure Chest. If you're a novice, or just intrigued, I'll tell you it's the only place to shop. The workmanship is excellent and the prices extremely reasonable. You can go from a tiny cock ring to an assemble-it-yourself six-foot crucifix for a smart-ass slave nothing else keeps in line. And if they don't have it, they'll make it for you.

Catalogues, beautifully illustrated and accurate, are available by sending $3 to:

The Pleasure Chest
120 11th Avenue
New York, New York 10011

Please include a written statement that you are over 21 years of age, and that you realize you will receive material that may be sexually oriented.

SWINGSHIFT

(Continued from page 29)

sunbathing. You can wind up with a hell of a burn if you rush your attempt to tan. But take it slow and follow certain guidelines, and you'll have it all together.

I've only been showing you a menu of what I'll be bringing you in feature issues of CHERI, and the feast I'll be serving you will be succulent and mouth-watering, I promise. I trust

I want to get close to my readers, and I'd welcome letters and photos from those who just want to say hello, or ask questions. I'd especially like to hear from those who would be interested in being interviewed by me—and of course, those who would like to swing with Brian and I. You can write me c/o CHERI. I'm very close to you swingers in Madison, Milwaukee and Chicago, so let me hear from you! Love and kisses to you all.

SUE FEELE, SUPERSTAR

(Continued from page 30)

The sporting offer of tickets for the semifinals and final of the tournament is made by a family planning organization, and doctors say an operating theatre will be set up at the soccer stadium itself in the town of Calicut.

The tickets will be in addition to the usual cash the men will receive after the operation, which is part of the world's largest family planning programme.

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It is truly terrifying to consider the effect of a program such as this on the United States. Just imagine Jimmy Carter offering free seats to the Super Bowl game as a reward for sterilization. The future populations of several states, notably New Jersey, would probably be entirely wiped out. Or, if some crazy family planning group were to offer free front row seats to the next Ali-Norton fight, the only fertile men left within a thousand-mile radius would be either gay, severe mental defectives, incarcerated criminals, or professors of English Literature.

If there's any truth at all to this last news release, and I prefer to think there isn't, a large segment of the American female public is in great potential danger. Hot off the press from normally staid, rational England, this news item leaves us with no alternative but a serious consideration of breaking off all ties with our allies immediately.

I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 26)

modern society has ignored our need to test our physical selves against an opponent. Witness our fascination with football and contact sports. Fans may wax poetic about strategy and plays, but the fans cheer when seventeen guys all pile on one poor carrier and squash him. We are fascinated by violence—our screen heroes are always kicking the hell out of each other, and their sexual appeal is all wrapped up in this violence.

Along about here I'm supposed to have a neat theory, an adroit explanation for all this. Well I'm sorry, but I don't have one. Perhaps if my courage hadn't failed me, if I had met more people and had a few more "matches", I would have found more answers. Do you folks have a theory? If those CHERI readers who are into this sort of foreplay would help us out, perhaps we can learn more. If you would write in and tell us your feelings and personal adventures we will distill the information and at a later date we can publish the results along with some of your letters. I know that we have some folks out there who can explain this phenomenon to us.

And one last request. I love getting letters and going off on specially requested assignments—but please—let's try for some *safer* subjects. Okay? Now don't forget to write those letters.

UP AND CUMMING

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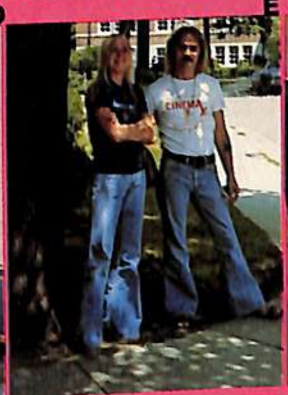


F

G

NEW ORLEANS
NEW ORLEANS

H

I

A.BALTIMORE, MD. Luscious Liz Renay and the incredible Divine make a movie. Interview by Michelle Craven.

B.SPOKANE, WASH. Looselips comes out of retirement for a shocking pictorial.

C.CHICAGO, ILL. Andrea Ambers interviews a 77-year-old model who shows pink, and covers the Midwest's first sexual lifestyle conference.

D.TULSA, OKLA. Cars and girls on the rubber-burning circuit.

E.LANSING, MICH. A walk along the Sin Strip with Cat and Dick.

F.SANTA BARBARA, CALIF. Cocksucker profile III: Barbara Dean.

G.NEW ORLEANS, LA. Fanne Fox visits Bourbon St., Fat City, et al.

H.INDIANAPOLIS Andrea, Cherry Bomb, and a stunner named Kelly.

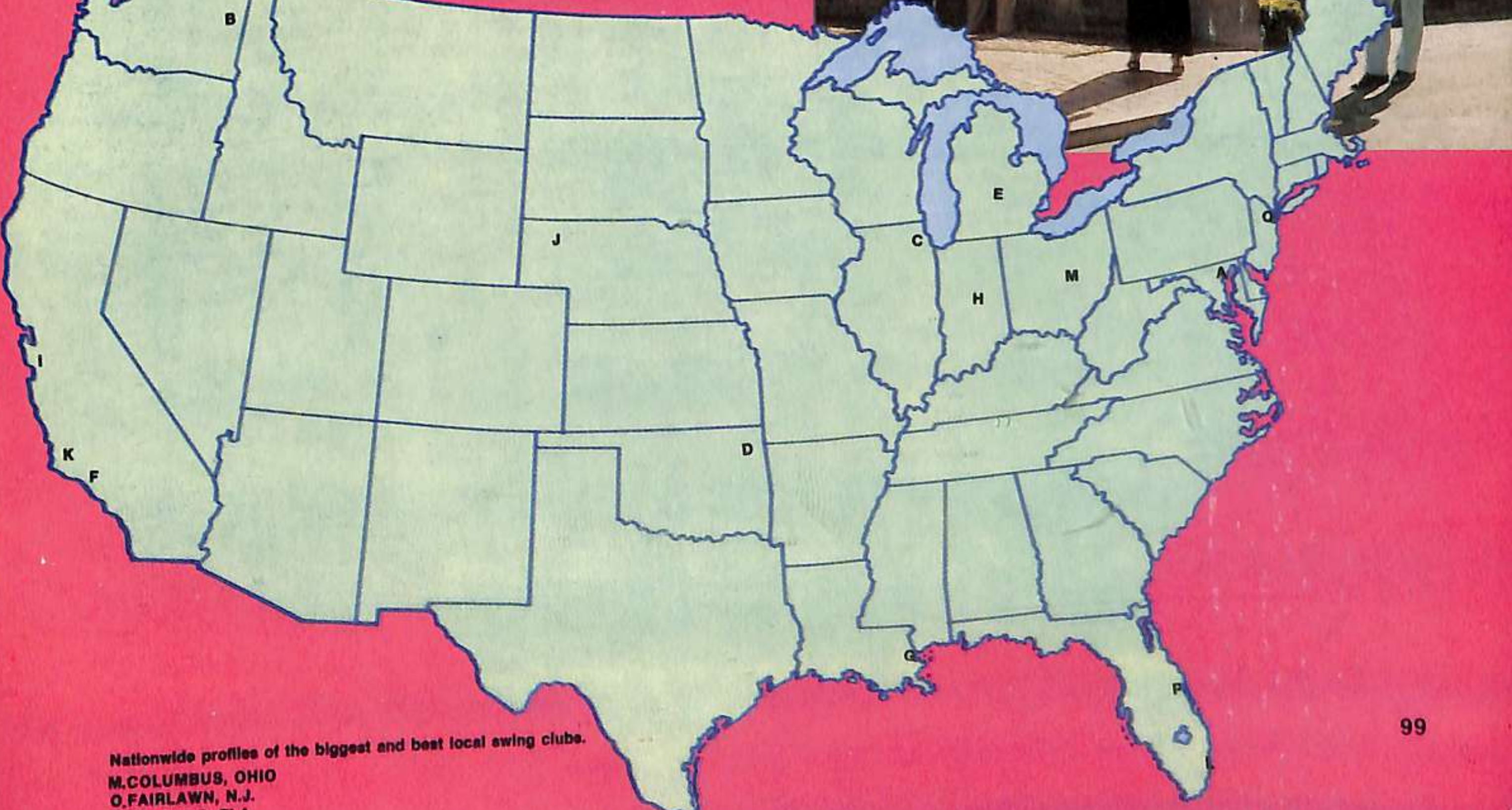
I.SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. How to Flash, Frisco-style.

J.CHARDON, NEB. A report on the last of the cowboy cathouses.

K.HOLLYWOOD, CAL. Queen Adrea's new wrestling scene.

L.MIAMI, FLA. The persecution of Bunny Yeager.

N.ROSELAWN, INDIANA, CHERI judges Miss Nude World.



Nationwide profiles of the biggest and best local swing clubs.

M.COLUMBUS, OHIO
O.FAIRLAWN, N.J.
P.ORLANDO, FLA.